

FINAL AMOUNTS

Awarded The Navy Yard At Portsmouth

BY THE NEW NAVAL AP- PROPRIATION BILL

What The Local Station Was Allowed By Congress

WORK DONE BY SENATOR GALLINGER WAS OF GREAT VALUE

As finally passed by Congress, the naval appropriation bill contained these items for Portsmouth navy yard:

Public works, bureau of yards and docks—Railroad and rolling stock, \$2,000; extension of sewer system, \$2,000; extension of quay walls, \$20,000; continuing grading, \$16,000; completing central power

plant, \$60,000; blasting in front of quay wall, to cost \$110,000, \$50,000; naval prison laundry, \$3,000; naval prison cooking and baking plant, \$3,200; naval prison furniture and fittings, \$8,500; naval prison administration building, to complete, \$10,000; pattern shop for steam engineering department, to complete, \$61,200; extension of track for forty ton crane, to cost \$46,800, \$10,000. Total, \$254,900.

Bureau of construction and repair—Improvement of construction plant, \$15,000.

Bureau of steam engineering, machinery plant—To outfit new shops with power tools and to replace obsolete and worn-out machine tools, \$30,000.

In securing the retention of appropriations for Portsmouth when the bill went to conference after its amendment and passage by the Senate, Senator Gallinger did yeoman service.

DOUBLE QUARTET AND ORCHE- STRA

The music at the Unitarian Church on Easter Sunday will be rendered by a double quartet, the singers being assisted by an orchestra of six pieces. Shelley's beautiful cantata, "Death and Life" will be given.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulents is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

DEADLY WEAPON

Used By Italian In Moment Of Anger

MURDEROUS ASSULT UPON ALICE MELVILLE

The Man And Woman Had A Quarrel About Money

BLOW OF KNIFE WARD OFF AND WOUND NOT SERIOUS

Shortly after five o'clock this (Saturday) morning, an Italian named Giorgio Siorentino murderously assaulted Alice Melville, an inmate of Hotel Clifton on Water street.

It appears that the woman and the man had some words regarding money and without any warning he drew a knife and madly rushed at her. She

saved herself from a more serious wound by warding off the blow directed at her breast. The sharp blade entered her shoulder, causing a severe wound.

Siorentino made his escape, but word was sent to the police station and Officers Hurley, Burke, Shaw and McCaffery went out for the man.

They knew by seven o'clock that he had not left town and that later they would find him.

At nine o'clock they began a search in the Italian colony at the North End and located their man in bed in a house at the corner of Russell and Market streets. They took him to the station where he told of the affair and claimed that money was taken from him, which caused the trouble.

He said that he had a revolver and a knife when he made his escape, but threw them away in his flight down Market street, near the corner of Hanover street.

The police searched for the weapons, but could not find them.

At ten o'clock he was brought before Judge Simes charged with an assault with intent to commit murder.

Through his counsel, Harry F. Allen, he waived the reading of the writ and pleaded not guilty.

Judge Simes ordered a further hearing on Monday morning at ten o'clock and the Italian was remanded to jail without bail to await that hearing.

McWILLIAMS GETS THE APPOINT- MENT

Will Become Foreman Laborer at Portsmouth Navy Yard

James F. McWilliams of Cambridge, Mass., has received the appointment as foreman laborer and head teamster in the department of yards and docks at the navy yard, made vacant by the death of Frank C. Hoyt.

Mr. McWilliams is a native of Lewiston, Me., and a brother of former Alderman Philip T. McWilliams of this city. For several years he has held a foreman's position with Coleman Brothers general contractors, in Boston.

In the construction of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's lines, he was assistant superintendent and while in charge of the excavating for the building of a large steel plant at West Seneca, N. Y., the assassin of President McKinley was employed under him.

He was for several years employed on railroad work and had charge of a crew when the power house for the street railway on Noble's Island and the Union station at North Hampton were built.

He will report at the yard on Tuesday.

MORGAN ARRAIGNED

And the Case Continued Until Friday, March 15

Patrick Morgan, Jr., was arraigned in the Dover police court on Friday, charged with the murder of Dennis Doherty in that city on Saturday, Feb. 24.

At the request of counsel for both sides, the case was continued until Friday, March 15.

GOOD BOUTS FOR PORTLAND

There have been many good bouts decided in Portland during the past few years, but that which Jack Caley has scheduled for his Casco Club for next Monday night, March 11, surpasses all others in point of interest displayed. He certainly has a star card in Mike Donovan of Rochester, N. Y., and Billy Rhodes of Kansas.

Donovan is the boxer that Joe Thomas, who bested Honey Mellody the other night, claims is the best in the East. Donovan, it will be remembered, is the only man who made the boxing here in the East strenuous for the man from beyond the Rockies.

Mike held him to a draw in Terre Haute, Ind., last Summer. Rhodes is as tough a proposition as ever pulled on a pair of gloves. He has drawn with Joe Walcott and Hugo Kelly and has beaten Young Gibbs, Tony Caponi and bested Terry Martin within a short time. Two good preliminaries have been arranged. The semi-final brings together two soldiers and will decide the championship of the army, while two active, French boxers, from Blandford will definitely decide the Sacco championship. It will be a big night in the Auditorium.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

PLAN TO IMPROVE THE LIFESAVING SERVICE

Medal Contest To Be Given Under W. C. T. U. Auspices

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, March 9.
A new movement for increasing the efficiency of the lifesaving service is receiving some support among those interested in the matter.

The plan is to have big sea going tugs stationed at points along the coast, each having as consort a light draft barge. Receiving news of a wreck tug and barge will be supposed to start for the wreck and take up a position outside the wreck.

The barge will drift down alongside and the crew will be taken off, assisted by the shore lifesaving crews.

In many localities this plan would not succeed, however, because of outlying ledges which the barge could not pass.

Improvement of the service along present lines would have better results.

A silver medal contest under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will be held in the Second Christian Church on Monday evening. An interesting program will be given, which is as follows:

Prelude, organ.
"The Temperance Flag," Ellen A. Bowden
"Nellie's Victory," Gladys V. Gogins
Music.
"Strong Drink is Raging," Margaret Jackson
"A Terrible Charge," Lena Ryland
"A Teetotaler's Story," Rachel Cutts
Music.
"The Shoemaker and the Little White Shoes," Blanche Howland
Judges decision.
Presentation of medal.

The caucus of York Republicans was held this afternoon at York Town Hall.

St. Aspinquid Tribe of Red Men met on Friday evening in Grange Hall.

The senior class of Trapp Academy gave an entertainment and sale on Thursday evening in Westworth Hall.

Kittery Grange will visit John F. Hill Grange of Eliot on Monday evening, leaving on the seven o'clock car and returning at eleven.

Miss Flossie Blackford of Pleasant street is passing a few days in Boston.

Services at the Second Methodist Church on Sunday will be in the following order: Preaching at 10.30 a. m., by Rev. I. A. Bean of York; Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six p. m., led by Miss Ethel Piper. At seven, there will be a praise service, followed by a talk.

Says Uncle Sam, "To keep up to date

We must every day grow wiser; But the wisest 'It' I've seen of late,

Is the Electric Advertiser. All use the sunlight's daily gift, But when Sol's quit this sky Sir,

The man with every sort of thrills Calls on the Electric 'Tiser.

The reason is not far to seek,— And now I'll tell you why Sir— Why works all day, by night must eke

Out time your stock to spy Sir."

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

by the pastor, Rev. Sylvester Hooper. At the Second Christian Church tomorrow there will be a sermon at 10.30 a. m., by Rev. S. K. Perkins, pastor of the Congregational Church at York Village; Bible school, Baraca and Philathea classes at 11.50; Junior Christian Endeavor at four p. m.; Senior Christian Endeavor at six; subject of sermon by the pastor, Rev. E. H. Macy, at seven, "Lessons from Seventy-Three." All are welcome to all services.

At the regular meeting of the Rebekahs to be held this evening there will be an initiation.

William Edson has moved his family into the house of Mrs. Johnson at the corner of Government and Pleasant streets.

Luther Goodsoe met with an extremely painful accident yesterday. He went into his orchard to prune some trees and was in the act of sawing off a limb about twenty-five feet from the ground when the limb on which he was standing gave way and his ankle was caught between the branches, fracturing the ankle bones so that they protruded on both sides. As soon as he could free himself, he crawled to the house and surgical aid was summoned.

Kittery Point
The annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Marcia Frisbee, a large number being present. It was voted that the same board of officers should remain for the ensuing year. The anniversary of the birth of Neal Dow was observed by fitting remarks by the president and others. Two members were admitted to the Union, after which cocoa and assorted cake were served. A very pleasant and profitable evening was passed by all.

William Dean Howells has gone to Bermuda for a short visit.

Frank Clarkson was in Lewiston on Friday to take a degree in the Mystic Shrine.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Plaisted have returned from a visit to relatives in New York.

There were 2702 lobsters in Maine in 1906 and the total catch of York county was 160,061 lobsters, valued at \$34,760. There were 169 boats engaged in the fishing in this county.

Two Portsmouth men are said to be negotiating for a charter of the sloop Olympia, owned by Capt. Charles Williams, which is wintered at Cutts wharf.

Capt. William Crawley of Gloucester has purchased the big Rockport, Mass., sloop Mario.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor March 8

Arrived
Tug Charles T. Gallagher, Guilford, Boston, towing barge No. 9 from Baltimore, with 1600 tons of coal to Boston and Maine railroad.

Sailed
Tug Charles T. Gallagher, Boston, towing barges No. 8 and No. 15 for Baltimore.

Fishermen in Port
Schooner Dixie, sloop Edith L. Light southerly winds.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes
Boston, March 8—Arrived, tug Car-Hale, towing barge Spring, Philadelphia for Portsmouth.

City Island, March 8—Ice bound, schooner Georgia, Gayton, South Ambury for Portsmouth.

Cape Henry, March 8—Passed, schooner Independent, Farrow, Baltimore for Portsmouth.

CHIEF PATRIARCH

Pays an Official Visit to Strawberry Bank Encampment

David H. Whittier of Raymond, chief patriarch of the Patriarchs Militant of New Hampshire, paid his annual official visit to Strawberry Bank Encampment of this city on Friday evening.

The Patriarchs degree was worked and Mr. Whittier warmly complimented the degree staff.

Lunch was served after the regular meeting.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil" is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—cramp. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAY BE AVOIDED

Mrs. Eddy Can Escape Giving Deposition

HER COUNSEL HAVE FOUND WAY FOR HER

Process Cannot Be Served If She Remains At Home

OLD LAW AND DECISIONS OF THE COURT UNEARTHED

It looks very much as if it would be impossible to take the deposition of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy in the equity proceedings now in progress. Her counsel are said to have found a way to prevent it. They will simply shut their client up in her home at Pleasant View, Concord, and she may then defy the process servers.

An old New Hampshire law and an old court decision have been unearthed which denies the right of officers to enter a house for the execution of civil process if the outer door is shut.

As the decision applies to "children and domestic servants," it may also apply to Mr. Frye and Mr. Strang, Mrs. Eddy's secretary and assistant secretary.

If Mrs. Eddy seeks to avail herself of the protection of the law in this manner, her daily drive through the streets of Concord must be abandoned. She can avoid the sheriff only by staying at home and by keeping all outer doors closed.

The law applying to this case is as follows:

"Any person may be summoned to attend or testify or give his deposition by reading to him or by giving to him in hand an attested copy of the writ of summons and by paying or tendering to him the fees."

The court decision is given below: "The doctrine that a man's house is his castle and cannot be forcibly entered for the execution of civil process is well established. No man can be arrested in his own house upon such process, provided the outer door be shut. But if the outer door be open, the officer, having gained admittance, may break open an inner door to arrest the defendant."

"This protection from arrest in civil cases extends to the occupant, his children and domestic servants, but how much further is not clearly stated."

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

To be Given in Chicago on a Large Scale

(By New England Press)

Chicago, Ill., March 9.—Chicago is to witness during the coming week the most ambitious attempt yet made by organized labor to familiarize the general public with working conditions in the various industries. The plans call for an elaborate industrial exhibition, accompanied by a series of mass meetings and conferences in which men and women prominent in various walks of life will take part.

A number of societies and associations have co-operated in the plans, including the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Illinois Woman's Trade Union League, the Illinois branch of the Consumers' League, the Chicago Woman's Club, the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, the Chicago Geographical Society, Northwestern University Settlement, Chicago Commons, Neighborhood House, Hull House, the University of Chicago settlement and the Municipal museum of Chicago.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, March 9.—Probably fair weather and light winds from the northern quarters are indicated for Sunday.

The Summer resort people are longing for the good old Summer time.

WHITE! WHITE! WHITE!

Following the White Winter Comes Our Display of Desirable White Goods -- The Best in the City.

WHITE WAISTINGS.

The Variety is Immense, and in This Particular Nothing is Lacking.

Fine P K, new patterns.

19c, 25c, 29c, 33c.

Figured Batiste and others in Choice Mercerized.

15c, 19c, 21c, 25c.

Linen Lawns.

10c, 12c to 42c.

Embroidery Linens.

50c to 87c.

Dotted Muslin Waistings, real Swiss.

12 1-2c, 25c, 33c to 50c.

Neckwear includes the Latest Stocks in Silk, Muslin and Lace, proofs of skill.

25c, 50c, 75c to \$1.50 Each.

All Over Laces.

79c, 87c, \$1.00, \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Waists—Some of the finest for the money.

\$1.00

In Muslin with Embroidery.

Better Than Ever, Elaborate with Lace and Finest Embroideries.

\$2.25 and \$2.98.

Imported Handkerchiefs, special all linen, initial if you like, at.

12 1-2c.

WHITE DRESS WEAR.

An Extra Fine Serge.

87c.

In Soft Cashmere at.

59c.

Lustrous Mohair.

50c and 75c.

Lansdown, very fine.

\$1.25.

Taffeta Silks.

59c and 87c.

Servi Silks only.

75c.

White Belts, these in Silk or Kid.

25c and 50c.

Muslin for Draperies, something like 20 styles, at.

12 1-2c.

In finer grades.

20c to 33c.

Beautiful Nets.

25c to 37c.

White Ribbons for every occasion. Special extra values for party wear.

White Gloves, 12 buttons at.

\$3.00.

16 buttons at.

\$3.50.

White Hosiery.

12 1-2c, 25c, 50c to \$2.25.

HERE ARE THE NEWEST IDEAS IN WHITE -- AT FRENCH'S.

BIG AUTO SHOW

Opens in Boston This Evening Closing a Week

(By New England Press)

Boston, Mass., March 9.—One hundred and twenty-five thousand square feet filled with the latest makes of automobiles, pleasure cars, touring cars, commercial vehicles, both domestic and imported, of licensed and unlicensed makes, to say nothing of galleries filled with everything in the way of auto accessories, sundries and attachments, tells in brief the story of the Boston automobile show which opens in Mechanics Building tonight, to continue for one week.

The promoters say that the show will compare favorably in every way with the big exhibitions given this year in New York and Chicago. Besides the pick of the cars shown in New York, there are some new ones that are to be seen for the first time at the Boston show. Automobile fire engines, chemicals and hose wagons are among the novelties that will attract attention.

The power boat section of the show is larger than in former years and in it is shown the product of the principal boat and marine motor builders of the country. So large was the number of entries in this section that the management found it necessary to place some of the motor boat displays in the neighboring Horticultural Hall.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Archbishop's Anniversary

Boston, Mass., March 9.—Special services will be held at the cathedral tomorrow in observance of the forty-first anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Williams, the oldest member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America. Next month the venerable Archbishop will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday.

Caleb Powers Anniversary

Louisville, Ky., March 9.—Caleb Powers, Kentucky's most noted prisoner, will tomorrow celebrate seven years of confinement in Kentucky jail. It was on March 12, 1900, that he was arrested on the charge of complicity in the assassination of Governor Goebel. March 19, 1901, took him still in jail waiting for the fourth trial of his case, which is now set for the June term of court at Georgetown. During the seven years of his imprisonment Powers has occupied cells in Lexington, Louisville, Frankfort, Georgetown and Newport. He has been tried three times, and has been twice sentenced to life imprisonment and once given the death penalty.

Prof. Richards Goes To Germany

New York, March 9.—Professor T. W. Richards, who has been chosen to go to Germany this year under the agreement entered into between the German Emperor and Harvard University for the exchange of instructors, will sail for Europe today. He will go to the University of Berlin and will give there a course of lectures in chemistry on "The Fundamentals of Chemical Equilibrium." The course will consist of two lectures a week, but the greater part of his work will consist in directing the advanced researches of a few students.

To Seek Ancient Cities

New York, March 9.—Provided with funds furnished by Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt and others, a party of four students and instructors of Cornell University, have started today on an expedition through Asia Minor and Syria. The purpose of the expedition is to make extended surveys, identify ancient cities and translate inscriptions. The party will set out from the Turkish government and will have a long journey, May 1. They will travel through Asia Minor, passing through Armenia, Syria and Palestine into Persia and Turkey. All of the party are members of the American School of Archaeology at Jerusalem, and have had considerable experience in field work in Palestine.

In Memory of Manchester Martyrs

Baldin, March 9.—Patriotic Irish men are preparing to turn out in large numbers on the occasion of the unveiling of the Manchester martyrs' monument at Fitzroy. Plans for the unveiling have been going forward for a long time and it is believed tomorrow's demonstration will be one of the most notable of the kind that Ireland has seen in recent years. It is confidently held that the men chosen to unveil the monument is none other than Dr. John O'Mahony, Captain of the Irish Volunteers, who was killed in the dock, a fellow prisoner of Allen, Larkin and Gould. He is tried on the same evidence, identified

by the same witnesses, convicted and sentenced to death by the same judges. But the evidence against him was considered so trustworthy that he was later granted a reprieve, while his fellow prisoners went to death on the scaffold. Dr. Connelley, in his speech from the dock at Manchester on the occasion of his conviction and sentence to death, uttered a phrase which has since become historic. "I have nothing," he said in concluding his speech, "to regret or to take back. I can only say: God save Ireland."

Pittsburg Club Hopeful

Pittsburg, Pa., March 9.—It is not so much that they will make a better showing this year than last the members of the Pittsburg National League ball team are hoping, to leave town now for Spring training quarters. After putting in a week or so at French Lick Springs, the team will go to the Springs to complete the preparation for the season's campaign. On the way home games will be played at Little Rock, Memphis, Louisville and Indianapolis, opening the season at Cincinnati.

Protests Don't Bother Tillman

Portsmouth, Va., March 9.—(Un)mindful of the protests emanating from many quarters and the fear that disturbances may ensue, Senator Tillman of South Carolina has come to Portsmouth to deliver an address tonight on the race question. He will speak in the Lyceum Theatre under the auspices of the Portsmouth Hook and Ladder Company. The retail merchants of the city have been asked to suspend business when Senator Tillman delivers his speech, and every precaution will be taken to prevent public disorder.

King's Wedding Anniversary

London, March 9.—Owing to the day being Sunday there will be no formal celebration tomorrow of their Majesty's forty-third wedding anniversary. Numerous congratulations, however, were received today. The wedding of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Princess Alexandra of Denmark took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, March 19, 1863.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It cures colds in one day. L. W. GIBSON'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The Inescapable Dust.

We pride ourselves on our new food labels, upon our water supply and upon the antiseptic purity of our personal surroundings, but we have not developed an overline taste in the air we are willing to breathe. The traditional peck of dirt that we now scorn in our food we accept without question in our air supply.

How to Keep Well.

Stop worrying. Stop hurrying. Cleanse the body and mind of all impurities. Eat to live, instead of living to eat. Take plenty of exercise in the open air. Breathe deeply. Love your neighbor. And call upon a doctor for aid if you must.

Keen Criticism.

An English fishmonger was asked by an autograph hunter if he had any letters from Tennyson. He replied: "No, his son writes 'em. He still keeps on the business; but he ain't a patch on his father."

Divisions of Labor in India.

There are 29,000,000 people in India, supported by agriculture, 50,000,000 supported by the industries, 5,000,000 supported by commerce, 5,000,000 supported by the professions, and the balance are dependents.

Rats Saved Human Lives.

The squealing and scampering of rats aroused from their sleep the occupants of two burning cottages at Mount Hawke, Cornwall, England, just in time to escape.

With the DH.

A Massachusetts doctor holds that, despite modern theories, bleeding is the only way to treat patients.

With or without a knife?—New York Herald.

Modern Hospitality.

Hospitality is that subtle something whereby fair women and brave men are compelled to march to a personage they hate and thank her for bringing them to death.—Puck.

Parental Guidance.

To be useful is the only means of parental victory; to be watchful while seeming indifferent, to guide with an invisible hand.—Lavinia Hart.

In a Bad Way.

"Love," remarks an urban philosopher, "is blind, frequently dumb, and so far as advice is concerned, invariably deaf."—Washington Herald.

The World's Habit of Ill-Using.

Though my complaint of the world is new, its habit of ill-using is very ancient.—Columbus White in Chaffin.

Within Ourselves.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

HERBS IN THE GARDEN.

A Herb Bed Given Its Owner a Three-Fold Pleasure and Is Highly Recommended.

One of the most satisfying possessions in the garden is a bed of herbs. This bed, when once started, proves a joy for some seasons, as most of the herbs live year after year. So the care of a small bed is not a matter of hard labor. The herb to be planted must largely be sage. A five-cent planter of seed will give one more plants than she needs. I sowed the seed in boxes in the house, transplanting to the garden when all danger of frost was past. Late in the summer I began to gather my sage, cut about a foot, and cutting the flower stalks as soon as they appear. By so doing the strength is kept in the leaves. The sage I dry as quickly as possible, then it is packed in an airtight can. The choicest leaves, if kept by themselves, thoroughly dried and then powdered, can be packed in small glass jars, with screw tops. These neatly labeled prove very attractive gifts at holiday time to friends who are housekeepers in the town. Sweet marjoram, thyme and summer savory are all raised as easily as sage. These herbs also, aside from being useful in one's household, help swell the list of simple Christmas offerings. An herb bed gives a threefold pleasure to its possessor. First is the pleasure gained by working among green things growing; then comes the reward of having strictly clean fresh herbs to use in all their pungency and strength, and finally the happiness of having homemade gifts when money is not to be had for this purpose.

Last year I sowed a plot with lavender, planning some dainty and useful sachets for the linen closets of friends. But, alas, the seed failed to germinate. However, I think the trial worth repeating, as lavender bags would surely add to my store of simple gifts. Speaking of sachet bags, how many have ever dried the fragrant blooms of the sweet clover for this purpose? The perfume is delicate and lasting. I have some sweet clover, three years old, which has not yet lost its fragrance. The stems and leaves I do not dry, as these have a rank odor.—Rural New Yorker.

NOW START NEW PLANTS.

Put Chrysanthemum Sprouts Wanted for Fall in Small Pots.—Gloxinias and Tuberos Begonias.

If you want chrysanthemums next fall start new plants now. Very soon after the old plants are brought from the cellar sprouts will appear all over the surface of the soil. When these are about two inches tall cut them away from the old plants in such a manner that each has a bit of root attached. Put these into small pots of rich soil. Keep them well watered, but do not give much heat or they will make a sparkling growth.

Be on the lookout for aphides. If any are discovered make an infusion of the ordinary soap of household use, and spray the plants well with it. This is important, as the insects will seriously injure the young plants at this stage of their existence. To make the soap infusion, shave half a five-cent cake finely, pour water over it, and put it in a warm place until it becomes liquid. Add to it five or six quarts of water and apply.

Gloxinias and tuberos begonias should be started into growth now. If the tubers were kept in pots over winter, shake them out of the old soil and spread them out on a piece of old carpet or moss, which should be kept warm and moist, and leave them there until they sprout. As soon as sprouts appear put them into pots of rich loam.

A few roots of dahlias can be potted and started into growth now, if you want some very early flowers, but the bulk of them I would hold in reserve for warm weather planting in the garden. Do not break apart those you start now, but put the entire bunch of roots. When the time comes to put the plants out, each root that has a sprout attached can be broken off and made an independent plant of.—Outing.

Maple Caramels.

Make a rich maple syrup by boiling maple sugar with a little water. To three cups of this syrup add two cups of light brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of glucose and one-half cup of boiling water. Stir all together well, and boil until it will "thread" when poured from a spoon, or will snap when dropped in cold water; now put in a cupful of rich cream and one-half cupful of butter, and let it boil, stirring all the time until done. As soon as the candy will harden when dropped in cold water, remove it from the fire and pour out to cool. As soon as cold cut it up and wrap in paraffin paper.

Apple Cake.

One cup thinly sliced sweet apples, cooked until transparent in one cup maple sugar, and water to make a good syrup. When cool, add one cup dry maple sugar, two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful mixed apples, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup cream, one teaspoonful soda, flour (fill the spoon will stand in the middle without falling).

Quick Tea Roll.

One egg, one-half cup maple sugar, one-third cup of butter, one cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, in enough flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven.

TWO MUFFS IN ONE.

She sat between her two lovers in the trap. George was driving, and Edward was pressed closely against the rail. The night was dark, but the horse was old and knew his way. This gave George an opportunity to hold the reins in one hand, and also to slip the other into the lady's unoccupied muff. Presently—well, two hands were tenderly pressing each other.

The end of the drive came at last, and a sweet, small voice whispered: "When you two gentlemen have quite done with my muff perhaps you will be kind enough to let me have it." Then did two sworn enemies alight from the trap with thoughts that could scarcely be expressed coherently in presentable language.—Judge.

Still Cheerful.

"Blakeley's the most persistent optimist I ever knew. He slipped and fell in a mud puddle yesterday and you never saw such a sight as he was when he got up."

"What did he say?" "He congratulated himself on the fact that it was so nice and soft when he had struck and expressed the opinion that if it had been hard he might have broken a bone or two."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"WOMAN EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN."



"My wife is a lecturer, and I am an entertainer." "I never knew you appeared in public." "I don't. I stop at home and entertain the kids!"

Texts and Textiles.

The Reverend Dulloo de Head has lately turned tailor, "he said. No texts he handles. To him through the aches, but he sticks to his text-sizes instead."—Judge.

A Strategist.

"Your enemies are going after you in a very relentless manner." "Yes," answered Senator Saragham. "Aren't you going to defend yourself?" "No; I am going to let them keep on talking until the public gets tired of the topic and dismisses them as bores."—Washington Star.

A Sure Sign.

"I feel very sorry for poor Blights. When did they first suspect that his wife's mind was giving way?"

"When one day she refused to attend a married-down bargain sale on the ground that it was only in reason to pay a good price to get a good thing."—Baltimore American.

Careless.

"It is deplorable to see the way American millionaires are buying our works of art," said one European dealer.

"Yes," answered the other, "and the worst of it is that we are occasionally so careless as to let one get away that is genuine."—Washington Star.

Very Strong There.

"What did young bluffer go to the hospital for?"

"I believe to have some kind of a nerve operation." "Hold on! There's a mistake somewhere. There's nothing the matter with his nerve!"—Baltimore American.

She Had an Impression.

"I regard Henry James as one of the strongest writers of the period," said the lecturer.

"My goodness," remarked a lady who occupied a front seat, "I thought he never wrote periods at all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never a Surplus.

"What are you going to do with your surplus wealth?"

"My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "surplus wealth is a myth; a superstition. There is no such thing in the personal experience of any individual."—Washington Star.

Change Might Do Him Good.

Patient—Every time I attempt to eat a beefsteak I have an attack of neuritis in my jaws.

Doctor—Why don't you try some other boarding house?—Chicago Daily News.

Their Own Fault.

"Poets usually have sad lives," said the sentimentalist.

"Well," answered Mr. Gunro, "writing the kind of things they do, I don't see how they could expect to be very cheerful."—Washington Star.

No Comparison.

"Kitty, which do you like the better, me or candy?"

"I like you awfully well, Uncle George, but I just love candy!"—Chicago Tribune.

Emperor's Magnificent Crown. The crown worn by the Austrian emperor, which is regarded as one of the finest works of European goldsmiths contains over \$500,000 worth of gold and jewels.

Belfast's Linen Trade.

Belfast, the Chicago of Ireland, has a linen manufacturing trade that amounts to more than \$50,000,000 a year.

Immense Sum for Armament.

At the present moment the countries of Europe are spending on their armies and navies as much as \$4,000,000 a day.

And Then He Kicks.

The fellow who tells a girl he would do for her may some day have a chance to prove it by eating her biscuits.—Philadelphia Record.

Youth's Impatience.

A barrier, to a colt, means something to jump over.—Deland.

Real Education.

He is educated who is master of himself and of his task.—Peabody.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

Wednesday, March 13.

Grand Matinee at 2:30.

THE SHOW YOU KNOW

Shepard's Marvelous Moving Pictures

Including the Thrilling Picture,

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

And 22 Others, All New—Hear J. Kirby Cahill Sing the Latest N. Y. Song Hit.

When I Am a Man Like Dad.

Positely Not One Picture Ever Shown Here Before.

Prices 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Matinee 10c and 25c.

50c seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Monday morning, March 11th.

Thursday Evening, March 14.

NEIL BURGESS

And His Big Production of Charles Barnard's Pastoral Play,

THE COUNTY FAIR

Two Carloads of Scenery, Horses and Mechanical Effects, Presenting

THE GREATEST HORSE RACE SCENE EVER WITNESSED.

4 THOROUGHBREDS 4

Running a Full Mile in Continuous View of the Audience.

Prices 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

50c seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Tuesday morning, March 12th.

Disease and Health

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY

produces fine results in 20 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. It will restore your lost manhood and vigor. It will restore your youth and vigor. It will restore your strength and vigor. It will restore your health and vigor. It will restore your vitality and vigor. It will restore your life and vigor. It will restore your happiness and vigor. It will restore your peace and vigor. It will restore your joy and vigor. It will restore your love and vigor. It will restore your hope and vigor. It will restore your faith and vigor. It will restore your courage and vigor. It will restore your patience and vigor. It will restore your perseverance and vigor. It will restore your industry and vigor. It will restore your energy and vigor. It will restore your power and vigor. It will restore your wisdom and vigor. It will restore your knowledge and vigor. It will restore your understanding and vigor. It will restore your insight and vigor. 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It will restore your self-reliance and vigor. It will restore your self-discipline and vigor. It will restore your self-control and vigor. It will restore your self-mastery and vigor. It will restore your self-possession

White Horse

By HARRY IRVING GREENE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The construction department of the Superior & Western railroad had decided to sink a spur deep into the body of the woods and connect Archer with Turtle Junction. Dunham, the gray old timber fox that had charge of that bureau, sent for representatives of the Badger Lumber company, and of Findlay & Brother. Cardiff and Findlay, the representatives, came the next morning to Dunham's office.

"Now, boys," he said as the rivals glowered at each other through the smoke fog, "seeing that we are all here together we might as well drop sentiment and have a little medicine talk. The S. & W. wants those ties at bedrock price, and it wants them as soon as man can deliver them. What are your figures, Cardiff?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Cardiff, as he thieved a quick glance at his rival from across the Manitowish.

"And yours, John?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"Then I'll call it twenty-five thousand, too," responded Cardiff, promptly. Externally Dunham remained cool, but internally he was aglow with a warm, glad smile.

"Well, I guess the price is near enough right, boys, if we can only get together on the question of delivery. Of course, it is understood that time is the essence of this contract. When can you deliver those ties in our yards at Archer, Mr. Cardiff?"

The black brows of the Badger representative contracted as he gazed deep into the silent woods. "Between April 1st and 10th, depending on how soon the break-up comes," Findlay said looking at them in grim silence, and Dunham, after giving him plenty of time in which to make a bid, husked a dry cough from his voice and went on thoughtfully:

"Pretty late, but I don't suppose I can ask you to deliver them by airship at those figures. Our minds have met as to the price, and, of course, which one of you gets the contract makes no difference to me. But inasmuch as Mr. Cardiff spoke first and Mr. Findlay can't better the bid I suppose I might as well let Cardiff."

"Hold on," broke in Findlay as his jaw suddenly thrust itself out. "If I give you a \$50,000 bond that I will deliver those ties at Archer, March 1st, 30 days before Mr. Cardiff's date, do I get that contract?"

Dunham glanced at Cardiff, and Cardiff, staring stupidly at his rival, said nothing at all. So, presently, Dunham answered "yes," and at that word Findlay arose.

So, with that the incident ended, and John Findlay strode away, as many another victor has done, his heart thumping triumphantly and his brain sick with fear.

Long and bitter had been the fight that he and his half invalid brother Joe had waged in those cold north woods, and to lose out now spelled ruin just as their star of hope was rising brightly above the horizon.

"Of course, there is only one way to carry out that contract, Joe," said John, "and that is to build an ice road from Camp 3 to Archer. When I fixed the date with Dunham I thought you and I could figure out a route through this swamp and ridge country, but it seems that we can't make good. And there is only one man I know who can and he is James Livingston Flint, 'White Horse,' we used to call him—and, of course, as our luck would have it, he is way up in Alaska country somewhere. But I'm going after him. I'll be back before the first of December and I'll bring him with me, alive if possible, but anyway I'll bring him. I'd rather have Flint dead than any other man in the pineries alive."

So that night John Findlay packed his grip and departed for the white land. It was way out somewhere that Findlay found his man.

White Horse built the road in a little less than three weeks, but he only slept on an average of four hours a night while he did it. As for the men who worked under him during that frenzied period, they cursed him with-out intermission while the work was going on, and are still bragging about having had hand and foot in it.

Of course it seems incredible, but it is astonishing how much 70 hard-driven men and 20 good teams can do in three weeks when they work 18 hours a day. The road was finished on the 24th of December, and it was a good thing to look at.

Christmas morning came clear and bitterly cold. Heavy feet crunched the brittle snow without the creak of camp 3, and at the first sound White Horse thrust a heavy, automatic pistol into his pocket and then leaned indolently against the logs with his hands buried deeply in his pocket.

The next instant the door was burst open and in lurched a body of woodsmen who, crowding into the corners of the cabin, left the center of the floor empty, while Lebeau, who led them, stepped forward and spoke:

"Bah, you man from Chill Cat. Like a dog you work us in ice cold to make you cursed ice road. Like a loup groux you drive us and swing your cant-look when we moon shine. Come, you, every man, follow along with me, Joe Lebeau, and I will show you joy. We will drink, we will dance, we will make merry. Come with Joe Lebeau."

Out into the open air he swaggered, his hand behind him, and White Horse heard them go roaring down the ice road with nearly the whole camp en train. And as the last yell died away the forehead of the walking boss wrinkled like a pool into which a pebble is tossed and tense lines bound his lips closely together. For he well knew that once fairly started on a big drunk his crew would scatter from the Soo to Sturgeon bay, and every day's time was priceless to him now with the driving work that lay before him. The crisis had come, and White Horse, arising, walked to the window and stood moodily staring into the silent woods.

Within the log saloon six miles down the road the noise of the revelry arose in ever increasing volume.

The door of the shack suddenly opened and the tall form of White Horse towered before them. Calmly, but with each word forceful as a bullet, White Horse spoke:

"This thing is going to stop. I've got to have you in the woods to-morrow and you must get back to camp while you are able to walk. I've been a patient man to-day, but I've reached my limit. Now clean out of here before I clean you."

Sullenly they turned upon him, shifting on their feet and glancing at each other uneasily. And, seeing their doggedness, an ominous glitter

held a flaming match above it suddenly came into the gray orbs of the boss, and roughly he shouldered his way to the back of the shack and drew a small cylinder from his pocket.

"Dynamite cartridge with a two-minute tail," he said as he set it upon the wood box and held a flaming match above it. "You want to dance and fight some more do you. Well, unless you hike out of here you'll all be doing a quick-step to-night for the devil."

No man knew just how far White Horse would go in the enforcement of an order, and now none waited to see. Struggling, cursing, roaring they fought their way out of the door and went swarming down the track, while the boss, extinguishing the fuse, stepped out on to the trampled snow and threw his cartridge deep into the woods. Far down the track the runaways were staggering into the distance, wrangling and howling insanely.

The afternoon sun sank until it seemed to rest on the tops of the western forest like a broad gold piece poised delicately. And the walking boss, arising from a log beside his cutter where he had sat for an hour following the rout, climbed up to the seat. Back along the rough, woods trail he went until the gleaming ice road lay before him, then turned upon it.

As his half-galloping ponies swung around a bend of the forest road, they suddenly arose upon their hind legs with wild pawings at their. Less than a dozen yards in front of them and lying flat upon his back on the ice, was the first of the fallen that White Horse had feared would litter the homeward route.

The legs of the lumber-jack kicked spasmodically and White Horse, shortening his reins, leaped to the ice. "Can't leave you here to freeze up solid," he grunted as he dumped the limp form headlong into the sleigh box behind. "But I'll make you pay for this ride to-morrow."

At the next turn of the road the first oath that had escaped him, the day that burst from him explosively, fairly in front of him, locked in each other's arms as they had gone to sleep fighting, were Jimmie Hard Boats and Ole Sawlog. Along the next hundred yards four more men were strewn like strimishers fallen in battle.

One by one the walking boss laboriously raised them and piled them upon each other in the box, wedging the last man firmly between the dashboard and the seat.

The moon sailed high and the black shadows of the forest lay heavily upon the clearings. White Horse, hurrying back from Camp 2, where he had been summoned to quell an incipient riot, drew a deep breath as he threw open the door of the cook shop.

"They are sleeping all right now. They'll be in fair shape to break their backs again to-morrow, and most likely they won't lick up another drop of brewerwater until after the drive in the spring. Poor devils! There isn't much pleasure in this world for them—not much—not much."

And this is how White Horse delivered an impossible contract for Findlay Brothers on time to the do, with scarce an hour to spare between success and a \$50,000 loss.



HELD A FLAMING MATCH ABOVE IT.

THE IDEAL DOROTHY

By GEORGE HORTON, Author of "Like Another Helen."

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

He was down in the Washington City Directory as "A. Quintner, clerk War Department," and that brief biography gave a very correct estimate of his relative importance in the community. He was one of several thousands in similar positions who left their homes at a certain hour in the morning, performed various duties and returned at a fixed hour at night.

He was a bachelor, was A. Quintner, 45 years of age, retiring and timid, with brown hair, slightly silvered at the temples, a florid complexion, and shaggy eyebrows. He was a big man, he dressed neatly, his manners were grave and polite, and he walked with the aid of a corkscrew Manzanita cane. A. Quintner had never married because of an ideal.

In early youth he had supposedly found the incarnation of that ideal; a tall, fair woman, with a form as graceful as the stem of a lily, a low, broad forehead, arching eyebrows, an oval face, serious, truthful, tender eyes. Exquisite refinement seemed to emanate from her like a perfume, while gentleness and angelic goodness looked from her level, fearless glance, and spoke in every tone of her low, soft voice.

This woman led to him, played with his heart as a cat with a mouse, and married a disgusting old millionaire, whose very touch was contamination. Her husband died after a few years and the widow made it very plain to A. Quintner that he might share the dead man's millions with her, but he preferred to remain simply a "folk" in the war department.

But he did not lose faith in his ideal, as we shall see.

One morning, as he was proceeding to his desk in the department, he looked suddenly into the face and eyes of a woman who so repulsed him of his youthful love that he nearly dropped his corkscrew cane in his agitation. He turned and gazed after her. Yes, there was the same graceful form, reminding him of the stem of a lily, swaying in a gentle breeze, the same massive curl of amber hair.

"Can it be?" he mused. "But no. She is 40 by now, and this is a young woman, the same age that she was then."

He called this woman, too, Dorothy, even though he did not know her name and had no desire to learn it.

It seemed improbable to him that two persons so closely resembling each other and his ideal—this Dorothy and the Dorothy of long ago—should both be ignoble.

This opinion was confirmed the next morning when he observed her from his window bringing several bundles from the corner grocery, evidently provision for the family breakfast. The early air had touched her cheek with a freshness, and there was a joyous light in her eyes, which he concluded were grey.

After a week, A. Quintner began to feel that he had something to come home to nights. He was no longer envious of his two associates, one a fat, the other a thin old man, both bald, who shared his office. As the hands of the clock crept around the dial towards half-past four, he also glanced impatiently at them. They—the two old men—were hungry for a sight of their wives and babies, while he perhaps might get a glimpse of her. Failing that, he should at least experience the sweet influence of her proximity, for she was sure to be in during the evening.

Now, he enjoyed a bowing acquaintance with the servant next door, a woman of about 45, with one colorless eye and a Socratic nose.

He stopped and talked several times with Annie, holding his hat politely in his hand, out of deference for her, whose servant Annie was; and as he talked, his voice grew tender and he exhibited hesitation and embarrassment. When he was actually in conversation with Annie, his purpose seemed preposterous for he realized that he had stepped the woman simply because she was her servant.

He saw nothing incongruous in so much physical ugliness serving so much beauty. It seemed to him rather the fate of women of Annie's appearance to perform menial tasks for one upon whose face and figure God had set the seal of Queen.

"There can be no such thing as sentiment in the heart of a poor creature like this servant," he reflected. "In the ideal woman, beauty of soul, refined and delicate feelings, are associated with physical beauty. The latter is the visible and tangible expression of the former. I can talk with Annie without her even suspecting my sentiments for her mistress."

Soon suitors, or, in more conventional language, "men friends," began to appear next door.

"There's a dozen of 'em," said Annie, one day, "and she wouldn't have any one of 'em, not if he was the last man on earth. She'll turn 'em all away some day, when her own true love comes a-riding up to the door."

"Cheap literature," reflected A. Quintner, as he walked off, "puts many silly ideas into the heads of the uneducated."

But Annie's remark brought a new element into his dreams and caused him to include the time when she should suddenly discover that she had not interest in the others, and should spend all of her evenings with him. He shrank from actually making her

acquaintance for two reasons: First, suppose she should fall short of his conception of her? This thought was such treason that he tried to persuade himself that he did not entertain it, and when it became too insistent he apologized, saying: "Forgive me, dear, I cannot forget the sins of that other woman."

Secondly, his long years as A. Quintner, clerk, had deprived him of the powers of initiative.

About this time something epochal happened. One evening, at an early hour, Mr. Quintner heard a tapping upon the wall which separated his residence from the dwelling next door. He was thinking so intently of her at the moment that the sound, coming from that quarter, impressed him as a signal. Scarce realizing what he was doing, he sprang to the wall and, trembling like an aspen leaf, he tapped three times, softly, with his knuckles.

What was his joy to receive a response—almost inaudible, indeed, but unmistakably a response!

On his way to the office the next day he met her; he passed her in the street; he fairly brushed her dress with his sleeve. He was about to lift his hat in joyful recognition and gaze smilingly into her eyes, but was restrained by a feeling of delicacy, elusive, yet so clear that it caused him to pass by without looking up.

"This is our secret," he mused, "unconfessed even to ourselves, and to take advantage of it or to seem conscious of it would be as rude as to speak of a kiss."

Tapping upon the wall now became the chief feature of A. Quintner's daily life, something to be looked forward to, a sacred trust to bring him home nights and to keep him there. Every evening at ten o'clock he tapped. Every evening he heard a faint response. In his imaginary association with her, he planned not only evenings of reading from inspired books, but hours of converse and of more eloquent silence.

One morning she went away, and the fact that she took with her a suit-case and wore a traveling dress suggested to his unpracticed mind a long stay—months, perhaps. The second evening after her departure he began a love letter to her:

"My Sweetheart—For such you are, and you cannot help yourself, for whatever your sentiments may be towards me, you cannot prevent my loving you. I cannot believe you are gone. The flowers are here yet, the sun, the stars and the birds. Everything reminds me of you. Sometimes I feel that my love for you is sheer audacity, and then I reflect that it is not only inevitable but a duty; it is mere worship, the tribute that the soul of man

pays to the good, the true and the beautiful."

He laid the letter aside and never finished it, for she came back the next day, having been no farther away than Annapolis.

Shortly after her return the responsive rappings ceased, and A. Quintner, fearful of betraying her, did not persist. He merely waited patiently.

But on his way to the office one morning he met the servant with the Socratic features. Her eyes were red with much weeping.

"What's the matter, Annie?" he asked. "Is Dor—in your mistress sick?"

"Don't you know, sir," said the girl, "she has been very sick for a week. The poor thing died this morning at three o'clock."

"My God!" gasped A. Quintner, blanching and leaning against the fence. "No!"

"Yes, sir," Annie held her large red hand tenderly upon his arm, and looked up to him bravely.

"God bless you, Annie!" sobbed A. Quintner, turning away.

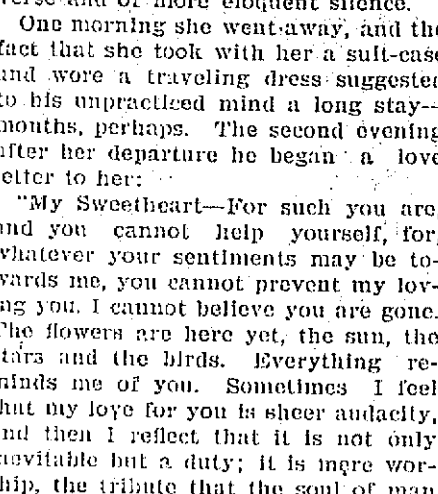
He was never to know that the tapping on the wall, begun as a playful prank by "Dorothy," and indulged in but once or twice by her, had been long continued by the servant with the unsentimental exterior. She had only discontinued it the week before, when her mistress had been taken sick and had demanded her undivided attention.

A. Quintner moved out of the neighborhood the next day, carrying with him the sad but radiant memory of an ideal woman, combining physical charms with beauty of soul and tenderness of sentiment.

A girl with Socratic features stood dumbly, as she watched the dray carrying his effects, and repenting a verse which she had written with starchy, unwept fingers:

"Go, little dove, through the male, My love to my true love too tell. The rose is red, the violet blue, And o, my love, I loved you true!"

HE FAIRLY BRUSHED HER DRESS WITH HIS SLEEVE.



HE FAIRLY BRUSHED HER DRESS WITH HIS SLEEVE.

SCOTCH DELICACIES

POPULAR DISHES IN THE LAND OF THE THISTLE.

"Cookie Leekie" a New Way of Preparing Fowl for the Table—Hotch-Potch a Fine Soup—For Scotch Scones.

Cookie Leekie.—Choose a large, meaty fowl and prepare it as if it were to be roasted. It may be cooked with or without dressing. If dressing is to be used, and the dish is desired with all the Scotch flavor, oatmeal enriched with butter and well seasoned with pepper and salt and chopped onion is the regulation mixture.

Into four quarts of boiling water drop the stuffed, dressed fowl; simmer gently for four hours. When the fowl goes into the pot add five leeks, cut into inch-lengths. Half an hour later add four more leeks, cut up, also pepper and salt to taste.

Sometimes when the fowl is not stuffed it is cut up and small pieces are put in the tureen with the soup. A knife and fork are laid by the spoon at each plate, and when the soup is served the meat is eaten afterward on the same plate. The fowl may be served as a second course.

Hotch Potch.—This is another famous Scotch soup. Put three pounds of meaty shin of beef in four quarts of cold water. Allow it to come to a boil and simmer for a few minutes, then skin it carefully. Cut into dice two turnips, two carrots, two parsnips, two turnips, one head of celery, and when the meat has cooked for two hours add this to the contents of the pot, with four sprigs of parsley, chopped fine, half a cupful of shredded cabbage and half a cupful of barley which has been washed over night.

With the vegetables add seasoning of pepper and salt to taste. In two hours put in one cupful of green peas or one can of peas. Half an hour later the soup pot should be taken from the fire; bind slightly with two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed to a paste. After serving the soup follow it with the meat and boiled potatoes as a second course.

Scotch Collops.—Take one pound of veal, cut it in pieces about two inches square, flour the meat, and fry it in butter to a light brown. Dredge again with flour, pour half a cupful of cold water over the meat, set it to cook, and as soon as it boils add one chopped onion and a blade of mace. Let it simmer for half an hour, then season with one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup. Let it boil up once, then serve poured over slices of buttered toast.

Scotch Scones.—These warm cakes eaten with coffee make a breakfast one will not readily forget. Sift one quart of flour in a deep bowl, with a tablespoonful each of salt and soda. Rub in three tablespoonfuls of butter and mix with a pint of sour milk. Toss on a floured baking board and cut off three pieces large enough to roll out the size of a dinner plate. Do not knead the dough or touch it any more than is absolutely necessary. Roll until about one inch thick, then cut each round into four. Bake on a hot griddle slightly greased. Turn and bake on the other side. They will rise until thick and puffy. Be certain they are cooked through. Eat warm with butter.

Sweetbread Pie. Place the sweetbreads over the fire to stew, add a piece of butter, a little flour, sufficient water must be in the pan to make gravy.

When done butter a deep dish; roll out the paste and put it around the sides; put in the sweetbreads, and gravy.

Roll out the top crust, place it on the pie trim it around the edge with a sharp knife; make an opening in the center of the lid, cut two strips of dough, twist them and lay across the aperture.

Place four leaves of paste opposite to each other on the top of the pie. Bake in a quick oven and send to table hot.

Pineapple Tart. Pare and grate one medium sized pineapple and stew in a little water until tender, adding sugar to taste, a spoonful of lemon juice, and a thickening of a teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed smooth in half a cup of cold water. When clear and thick remove from the fire, let the mixture cool, then pour into a shell of baked crust. Beat the whites of two eggs until partly light, add half a teaspoon of cream tartar, beat stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beating smooth, then spread upon the tart and slightly brown in a cool oven. A delicious dessert.

Home-Made Mucilage. A mucilage that will keep well and will remain elastic even when it has dried may be made by dissolving one part of salicylic acid in 20 parts of soft soap and three parts of glycerin. This mixture should be shaken well and then added to a paste of gum arabic and water.

Pipe Clay in Washing Tub. A little pipe clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen, cleans the dirtiest clothes thoroughly, with a great saving of labor and soap. It will also improve the color of the linen, giving it, if used regularly, the appearance of having been bleached.

SHELF FOR THE PANTRY.

Convenient For Dishes on Way to and From the Kitchen.

In the modern American house there is usually a small room between the kitchen and the dining room and communicating with both, which is commonly called, for the lack of a better term, "the butter's pantry." This is a proper title for such a room in the larger houses where the butter is a reality, for here he reigns supreme; but in the majority of American houses the term is rather a misnomer. The room is sometimes modestly called the "china closet," but this also conveys rather a wrong impression, for while it is truly a china closet, it is also something much more than this. Perhaps the term which would best suggest the true character of the room is that which is occasionally used—the "serving room." As the room is primarily a serving room, there must be plenty of shelf space for the dishes coming from the kitchen on their way to the dining room and for the soiled dishes coming back from the dining room. This demand is met by placing a shelf about two feet wide around the room at a convenient height—usually about two feet eight inches to two feet ten inches from the floor—known as the countershelf, say a writer in *Indoors and Out*. A cupboard for trays should be provided with a series of thin shelves narrowly spaced—either sliding or stationary—on which the trays rest, or with upright bars, between which the trays, standing on edge, may be slid. A plate warmer may be provided under the countershelf over a register from the hot air furnace, or it may be heated by steam, gas, hot water or electricity.

Which He Was. After a too zealous visit to infected slum districts, the germ reporter had returned to his native hunting grounds after undergoing all the sanitary proceedings known to the resources of up-to-date science.

"Now that you have been properly fumigated," remarked the spokesman of the welcoming committee, "I suppose it is quite proper to address you as our ex-stained contemporary."—Baltimore American.

Sorry He Spoke. "Marla," remarked Growler, over his coffee and eggs, "this paper says that in New York and Washington the ladies carry Roosevelt bears as a fat. Why don't you get a bear?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Growler, "I got a bear when I got you." And then Growler said he thought it was time to catch a train.—Chicago Daily News.

The Reason. "There goes a married couple of my acquaintance."

"How attentive he is to her, and how polite she is to him, one would scarcely take them for man and wife."

"Oh, they are married, but they are not married to one another."—Houston Post.

Those Fickle Autos. Stubb—I understand that Cogger called his new automobile "The Lobster" because it was so red.

Penn—And is it still "The Lobster?"

Stubb—No, it ran away the other day and turned turtle.—Chicago Daily News.

Far from It. Mr. Tucker—Tommy, what do you want to put a dry goods box in the back yard for? Have you some ulterior design?

Tommy—None, Fox terrier.—Chicago Tribune.

Hope On. There is no rose without a thorn. No label that is true. But even these things may be born before the ink is through.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRUE LOYALTY. Ella—Why don't you take that ink stain off your sleeve?

Stella—I wouldn't take it off for the world; I got it there when I was writing a letter to my sweetheart.—Chicago Daily News.

Difficulties. "Is it hard to get into politics?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Sometimes, my son," answered Senator Sorghum; "but never as hard as to get out gracefully."—Washington Star.

Very Much So. "That was an odd idea of young Joken to have a party of all people in the house who had the mumps. How did the party turn out?"

"Oh, it was quite a swell affair."—Baltimore American.

No Excuse For It. "Do you know," remarked Mrs. Wedderly, "that I never remember seeing a baldheaded tramp?"

"Of course you didn't, my dear," replied her husband. "Tramps are never married."—Chicago Daily News.

In Boston. Little Chicagoan (visiting Boston)—"Aw, fudge! You're big house!"

Little Bostonian (deeply shocked)—"Oh, such terrible and deplorable vulgarly! You should say, 'beetlebug'."

—Judge.

TIT FOR TAT.

Young Stevens was on his way north to spend the week-end with his parents, and felt in a particularly jovial mood.

The train in which he was traveling had stopped at a small village, and as a farmer, who was sauntering up and down the platform, came opposite Stevens's compartment, he was asked by the youth if he knew that the Duke of Devonshire was in the train.

Immediately the man showed great interest, and said:

"No! Is he?"

"I think he is not," answered Stevens. "I only asked if you knew that he was."

"The farmer said nothing but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What's the matter?" Stevens asked.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was the reason for refusing?"

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

THE REAL RACE SUICIDE

There is no use disguising the fact that the child labor problem becomes more serious every day. There are laws to restrict and prevent the employment of children in industrial establishments, but many of these laws are by no means strict enough and many others are not enforced.

It is criminal to permit the employment of young children in factories and sweat shops, where they are forced to work from ten to fourteen hours a day. It is a crime against the race. Such children cannot grow up into strong and sturdy men and women. If they reach manhood and womanhood, they are stunted in both mind and body. If they become the fathers and mothers of children, those children are certain to be weak and sickly, with feeble brains and muscles. There is no escaping this conclusion. It is as inevitable as that the sum of two and two is four.

It is true that child labor is cheaper than the labor of adults. By employing children, manufacturers are enabled to produce their goods at a cost much less than if their operatives were all men and women. The only opposition to laws forbidding child labor arises from what is perhaps a natural disinclination to resign large profits. Baldly described, it is a case of placing dollars and cents above the welfare of human beings and the good of the race.

This is the real race suicide. It means not only the deterioration of the race, but, if the practice of forcing children to work long hours in badly ventilated factories continues to spread, gradual race extinction, to the extent of the disappearance of the splendid American middle class. This may sound like the utterance of an alarmist, but it is nothing more than a logical purview of facts to a definite conclusion.

One great duty of the American people is to protect their children. Upon them depends the future of the republic. The sooner this fact is realized with its full force, the better for the nation.

BIRD'S EYE VIEWS

Do not blame the weather man for the things he cannot do; if you are not satisfied, it's really up to you.

Look at the calendar! Yes, but it's almost Spring planting time!

Uncle Joe Cannon is off for the ditch. Wonder if he'll try to hold that up, too.

Corielyon is said to eat mince pie for lunch. The kind that mother used to bake?

Some folks are hoping Uncle Joe Cannon will fall into the big ditch when he gets there.

Harriman is a great man. The problem now is: Has the national commerce commission a preference?

An alleged earliest portrait of Shakespeare is valued at a quarter of

a million dollars. What's your bid, please?

The level of the Rangley Lakes is not to be lowered. Here's a case where water failed to seek its level.

Some assert there's no graft in New York; still others say there's snow graft, due to the removal of the beautiful.

When the big papers lack news, they always fix up a rumor that Harriman has gobbled another railroad; and it's usually true.

Mark Twain has been watching the billiard contests lately. Do you suppose he sees anything humorous in balk lines and freezes?

For every inch of snow that falls in New York City, the taxpayers have to ante up \$37,000. Aren't you glad you don't live in New York?

James J. Corbett wants us to forget that he was ever a fighter and to think of him only as an actor. Funny how we all sigh after the unattainable.

After fifteen dry years, Charlie Hoyt's "temperance town" in Vermont has gone license. The citizens probably thought it useless to keep up the farce any longer.

There are no ads in the new magazine for the blind. We wonder why not. The blind certainly have their needs as well as the rest of us, and they can't be blind to them, either.

OUR EXCHANGES

Wouldn't You

She was neat, she was sweet, She was, yes, she was petite. She was young, she was fair; There were roses in her hair. And she looked so modest, too, Gazing down upon her shoe— Then, he quite forgot her sister, And he—kissed—her!

Wouldn't you Have done so too? Wouldn't you?

—Maude Gordon Roby in Granite Monthly.

An Irresistible Attraction

We were not surprised to see ex-Senator Chandler's picture in the papers in connection with the suit brought against Mrs. Edley by her son. Of course William couldn't keep out of such a first-class row as this Christian Science affair, promising to be—Rochester Courier.

We Know How to Spell It Now

Wolfeboro has had its name changed by the Legislature, and it will now be spelled with an e and without an ugh.—Somersworth Free Press.

Not a Churchill Here

No gentle reader, Chairman Bass of the House committee on retrenchment and reform was not christened Jethro. But he has a way of finding out things.—Concord Monitor.

Doesn't Jar Them Now

It is said that New Hampshire legislators are becoming more and more hardened to the exasperating question: "How about that little bill?"—Manchester Union.

For Instance

There be railroad presidents to whom the reputation of controlling state legislatures is dearer than managing successfully the business affairs of the corporation.—Concord Patriot.

PORTSMOUTH LOST LAST EVENING

The Portsmouth basketball team was defeated last evening at St. Johnsbury, Vt., 43 to 24.



Scene in law of Spice

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Gorgeous Pictures

Archie L. Shepard's moving pictures at Music Hall on March 13 will show us not in ordinary views but by continuous animated photography gorgeous and inspiring pictures of the numerous wonders in comedy, drama, modern events and travel, sights rare as they are grand. There will be a bargain matinee at 2.30 p. m.

You'll Like It Just as Well

You may have the idea that because you have seen "The County Fair" you won't enjoy it again, but it doesn't make any difference if you have seen it a dozen times, you will laugh at it just the same. Indeed it is a question if one can catch all the delightfully humorous ways of Abigail Prue the first time. Nell Burgess never acted that part better than he is portraying it today; his attention to details is one of the charms of modern characterization. There is scarcely a dull moment throughout the entire action of "The County Fair" and in no small meas-



Nell Burgess in The County Fair

ure the acting of Mr. Burgess is responsible for this. Heart interest abounds in all the lines and situations and the play is clean and wholesome to a refreshing degree. Mr. Burgess personally and an excellent company will appear at Music Hall on March 14.

Chauncey Elcott Coming to Boston

Chauncey Elcott, who has been before the public as a star in Irish dramas for thirteen years, has found his best vehicle in his new play, "Eileen Ashmore," written for him by Theodore Hart Sayre, which will be presented at the Boston Theatre for the fortnight beginning next Monday evening. The play has a romantic theme and does not deal with political machinations, a fault from which so many Irish plays suffer.

The scenes are laid in and around Dublin during the early years of the last century, when the Robert Emmet revolt was at its height and Napoleon was terrorizing Europe with his wars. Richard Temple, the character played by Mr. Elcott, gives him, perhaps, greater scope for the display of his versatility than any character which he has heretofore essayed. To the delight of his admirers, too, he sings four new songs.

written and composed by himself especially for this production.

PROBATE COURT

The following business was transacted at Tuesday's session of probate court held in Portsmouth:

Wills Proved—Of Emma M. Buck, Salem, Fred O. Wheeler, executor; Hannah S. Dimond, Danville, Charles W. Garland, executor; Benjamin D. Batchelder, Rye, Edwin L. Taylor, executor.

Will Filed—Of Charles E. Rand, Portsmouth.

Administration Granted—In estates of Frank T. Dutton, Deerfield, Priscilla M. Dutton, administratrix; Clara B. Young, Auburn, Everett B. Wheeler, administrator; Hyla D. Peacock, Kensington, Walter A. Hildard, administrator; Eliza A. Wood, Portsmouth, Fred L. Wood, administrator.

Accounts Settled—In estates of Langley B. Brown, Kensington, trustees; Rebecca M. Palmer, South Hampton.

Accounts Filed—In estates of Sarah E. Noyes, Deerfield; Alanson

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The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only \$25.00. The Travellers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

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DISTRICT AGENT.

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REVERE HOUSE

BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

Under new management. Single rooms with use of bath, \$1.00. Rooms with bath, \$1.50. Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Headquarters for Frank Jones' Ale and broil live lobster.

R. S. Harrison, Proprietor.

MEN AND WOMEN.
Use this for treatment of discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of the urinary tract. It is a powerful, reliable, and not irritating. It is a powerful, reliable, and not irritating. It is a powerful, reliable, and not irritating.

Nature's Sweet Restorer

The tired body and brain rest and recuperate during sleep. There is remarkable capacity for hard work so long as the sleeping hours are regular and the slumbers are not disturbed by bad dreams, stomach disorders or headache.

Beecham's Pills

Half an hour before retiring, and natural sleep will soon come to your relief. These pills are purely vegetable and cure sleeplessness by regulating the important functions of the body. They contain no narcotic nor sedative. Their action is natural, pleasant and safe. As a tonic and restorative in all cases of overwork, brain-fag, nervousness and worry, they have no equal.

Bring Balm Sleep

In Boxes 10c and 25c, with full directions.

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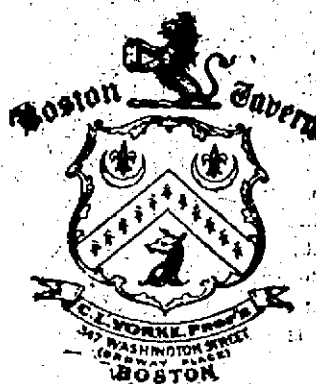
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AT THE CHURCHES

Methodist Church

Rev. Geo. W. Farmer, the pastor, will preach Sunday morning at 10.30, subject, "Better than Fine Gold." The Sunday School will meet at 12. The devotional meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the vestry at 6.30.

"The Man Who Went Out Into The Night" will be the subject of the Lenten address of the pastor in the auditorium of the church at 7.30. Strangers are always welcome at all the services of this church.

Court Street Christian Church

Regular morning worship with preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m. The offering for foreign missions will be received at the morning session. The Sunday School meets in the vestry at 11.45 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Subject: "Lessons from Abraham." At 7.30 the church unites in the union service at the North Church held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Middle Street Baptist Church

Rev. Ger. W. Gile, Pastor. Public meeting for worship at 10.30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. Subject: "Nine Years, and What Hath God Wrought." Members and friends of will be greatly interested in this sermon. Out should make special effort to be present. Sunday School in the Chapel at 12. The usual evening service will be omitted and the congregation will unite in a union temperance meeting at the North Church.

St John's Music

Venita, Gloria, Patria, Benedicta, Thomas, Gogorian, Clemens

Benedictus

Hymn
Kyrie Eleison
Gloria Tibi
Hymn
Offertory
Holy Communion
Sanctus
Hymn
Gloria Excelsis
Nunc Dimittis

Ries

Abbott
Abbott
Wesley
No. 228
Zeunter
Hayden

Christ Church

Holy Eucharist 10.30 a. m.
Processional, No. 341,
Hymn, Psalm 23;
Kyrie, Gloria Tibi,
Greed,
Hymn, No. 582,
Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei,
Gloria in Excelsis,
Processional, No. 432,
Choral Evensong 7.30 p. m.
Processional, No. 341,
Psalter, tenth evensong,
Magnificat,
Nunc Dimittis,
Hymn, No. 353,
Hymn, No. 83,
Processional, No. 432,
LeJeune

Unitarian Church

The musical program at the Unitarian Church on Sunday will be as follows:
Anthem, "O, How Amiable," Rogers
Anthem, "O, for a Closer Walk,"
Soprano solo, "Still, Still With Thee,"
Liddle

People's Church

There will be preaching at the People's Church on Sunday by Rev. J. O. Cornish.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD - - - - - MANAGER

AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
Saturday, March 16.

MATINEE AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

THE SEASON'S EVENT!

B. C. WHITNEY'S

Piquant Musical Mixture

ISLE OF SPICE

The Peer of All Musical Comedies.

20 SONG HITS AND UNIQUE DANCING.

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

With MISS LESLIE LEIGH, the Original Peggy Brady of the Boston and New York Runs.

Company and Special Orchestra of 66 People—American Beauty Chorus—Positively the Greatest, Prettiest, Singing, Acting and Dancing Chorus Ever Organized—Entire Production Richly Staged, Handsomely Gowned, Cleverly Acted, Perfectly Presented.

Matinee Prices—Adults 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Children When Accompanied by Adults, 25c for Reserved Seat.

Evening Prices—35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Thursday, March 11, 1937.

THE THAW CASE

Jerome Seems Taken By Surprise

WHEN THE OFFENCE RESTS ITS CASE

Family Will Try To Separate Thaw From Wife

ACCORDING TO STATEMENT OF HOWARD NESBIT YESTERDAY

New York, March 9.—Howard Nesbit, brother of Harry Thaw's wife, made a surprising statement today that if Thaw goes free his family will endeavor to permanently separate him from his wife. Young Nesbit said:

"From a reliable source I learned that my sister is being kept away from her husband as much as possible in order to finally secure a permanent and legal separation. I have been told that the Countess of Yarmouth will remain in this country for some time to assist in the plan. Mr. Delmas would not permit me to see my sister alone to warn her."

It has been testified that Thaw was insane only a few hours before his marriage to Evelyn Thaw. This under the laws of Pennsylvania would make the marriage voidable.

The trial of Harry K. Thaw today was adjourned until Monday, next, at 10.30 a. m. after Atty. Delphin M. Delmas announced at the opening of court that the defence had concluded its testimony. Dist. Atty. Jerome stated that he had no witnesses ready to proceed with in rebuttal, and at his request an adjournment was taken.

Mr. Delmas served notice late yesterday upon the district attorney that the defence had abandoned its plan of calling two more experts. Mr. Jerome did not consider the notification as official and so came into court this morning prepared to listen to more testimony as to Thaw's unsound condition of mind.

Thaw was bright and smiling as he walked to his place at the council table. His two brothers, Edward and Josiah, again were in court and he smiled a greeting to them. The prisoner's arms were filled as usual with the big brown envelopes containing his correspondence.

When Justice Fitzgerald had ascended the bench and Clerk Penny had called the jury roll, Mr. Delmas arose and uttered in a low voice three words:

"The defence rests."

Mr. Jerome then said he would have to ask for an adjournment of the case until Monday morning.

"When court adjourned last Wednesday evening," he said, "I had no reason to expect other than that I would be confronted by experts by experts who would be called upon to answer a hypothetical question which Mr. Delmas was to frame extemporaneously. Yesterday evening, however, Mr. McPike called upon me with a letter from Mr. Delmas saying the defence had changed its plans and would call no more witnesses."

"Under the circumstances, I must ask for an adjournment as I have no witnesses available today. My experience with hypothetical questions framed extemporaneously has been that they require a long time in asking, and are subject to more or less discussion. I had expected the putting of these questions would require all of today's session."

Justice Fitzgerald turned to Mr. Delmas, who said:

"There is not the slightest objection on our part."

It was reported around the criminal court building after the trial had been adjourned that Mrs. Evelyn Thaw had been subpoenaed by Dist. Atty. Jerome to appear as a witness for the prosecution in rebuttal.

THAT MASCOT GOAT

What The Boston Herald Has To Say Of Portsmouth "Butter"

The Boston Herald last evening contained the following well illustrated article:

There is to be a round-up of butters in at Boston today. Not the kind the average citizen is likely to meet but the real article, for Spike, the mascot goat of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, is at large in this city. It was last seen gazing wistfully at the clock on the Haymarket square sub-

GOOD FOR BLOOD

Heme Made Remedy Said To Make The Kidneys Filter Out Impurities

All medical authorities are agreed that the blood is the great source of disease or of health in the human system. If the blood is pure, the individual is strong and healthy, if the blood is impure or diseased then there is sickness or decay in the whole system.

Rheumatism is strictly a blood disease. It is caused by excessive uric acid. Sores, pimples, etc., mean bad blood. Catarrhal affections must be treated through the blood to get permanent results. To get well, to feel strong, hearty and vigorous one must have good clean blood and lots of it. You can't clean the blood thoroughly unless the kidneys are made active. Bad blood means clogged, inactive kidneys and liver which causes, too, such symptoms as backache, nervousness, bladder and urinary difficulties and other sympathetic troubles.

Here is a simple home remedy and the prescription for making it up is as follows:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime. The ingredients can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy at small cost. Here the readers of this paper have a simple yet powerful and effective remedy for all forms of blood, kidney and bladder diseases which should relieve rheumatism and catarrhal affections and replace that weak, worn-out indifferent feeling with strength, vigor and health.

This prescription is considered a fine system renovator and being made of vegetable extracts only is harmless and anyone can mix it at home. Try this anyway before investing in the secret unknown concoctions of the patent medicine manufacturers.

way station at the mystic hour of 11 last night.

Emil Hendrickson, able seaman, with another Jackie and Spike, essayed to do the town last night. It was their shore leave, and Hendrickson, who is official custodian of Spike, brought the little black and white mascot along with them dressed in his regiments. They cruised through the North end, where Hendrickson's chum began to get his sea legs on, and Spike, exhilarated by the familiar wavy motion, began to wax playful.

All went well until Spike caught a glimpse of his kindred on a large poster close beside a broached keg. The seamen were greatly affected by the counterfeit presentation of the keg.

From that time on Spike was never the same, and when his two guides got into a disputed with a crowd Spike saw his chance and deserted.

With a fling of his hind legs the mascot gave vent to a playful baw and dashed through the crowd.

"Just two hours before curfew," said Spike, "and if I see that hock-billy goat again it's all off with him."

With an occasional plunge at a passer by, just to get in trim, Spike beat it down Hanover street.

"Gee, look at the searchlight," was his first observation when he reached Washington street. It was only a drug store, but Spike had a true man-o-war's version of things in general. Just ahead loomed a large poster. War was declared on the spot and Spike with head lowered leaped forward, catching the poster amidstships.

The bounce back was unlooked for and after another attempt Spike took a few nimble side steps and then bristled up for a closer interview. Then the light faded away in his eyes and with a muttered "stung," Spike trotted wistfully for Haymarket square.

Spike knew the time was up, but his chums were gone and after shivering for a time, he trotted off.

An attempt will be made by the seamen to find their mascot today, as none dare to show up at quarters without him.

TEN CANDIDATES

Given the Rank of Esquire by Wentworth Lodge

Wentworth Lodge, No. 22, Knights of Pythias, of New Castle conferred the rank of esquire on ten candidates at a meeting on Friday evening.

After the ritualistic work, a light lunch was served.

This lodge is one of the most prosperous in New Hampshire, its membership of ninety-three being proportionately larger than that of any other in the state. It practically owns the building in which it is housed and has a substantial sum in the treasury.

NEWS FORECAST

Of Leading Events Of The Coming Week

(By New England Press)

Washington, March 9.—The Senate committee on military affairs is to reassemble Monday to resume the Brownsville investigation. As several of the members are absent from Washington it is probable that a further adjournment will be taken and, in fact, it is not unlikely that the investigation will be permitted to lag for weeks or months, now that Congress has adjourned and public interest in the case has subsided to a considerable degree.

A convention of the National Association of Roadmakers, having good roads for its object, will attract delegates from many parts of the country to Pittsburgh during the week.

Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at their annual meeting in Philadelphia Tuesday, will take action on the proposal of the directors for an issue of \$200,000,000 in new stocks and bonds.

The first of the examinations for the consular service under the new rules laid down by Secretary Root has been fixed for next Thursday.

On Saturday the annual tournament of the American Bowling Congress, the most important event of its kind in the country, will open in St. Louis.

Another sporting event on the same day that will attract international attention will be the annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race, to be rowed over the usual course on the Thames from Mortlake to Putney.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The boom in mining interests throughout the country during the past two years has greatly increased the number of investors in this class of securities and holders of large and small amounts are eagerly scanning daily news of the market and of the mining districts. In such matters the New York Commercial has grown to be known as the leading authority and investors can do no better than read its columns daily.

The financial and insurance departments are among the strongest in the country and the dry goods, grocery, drug, metal and provision market reports are accepted by those in the various lines as most valuable and authoritative.

One druggist who owns two or three stores in New Jersey states that he has saved thousands of dollars by keeping in touch with the market through the columns of The Commercial. As a business proposition business men will find in a subscription to the New York Commercial a valuable asset.

NOTICE

The firm known as Hersey and Corcoran, hairdressing rooms, has, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership, Mr. Hersey having sold his interest to Mr. Corcoran. The shop has been remodelled and is now one of the finest and most up-to-date barber shops in the city. Mr. Corcoran has secured the services of Mr. Brooks of Pittsburgh and Mr. Anderson of Boston, who are practical workmen. He wishes to thank the public for its generous patronage in the past and he will continue to give first class service.

P. D. CORCORAN, Proprietor.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Dignity and Sacredness of Motherhood.

Think of the greatest man who has ever lived upon this earth, and then think of him as he lay, an infant, in his mother's arms. Does it seem possible that he should have grown, become great in the world's estimate and perhaps had monuments erected to perpetuate his memory, and yet that the world should have forgotten even the name of the woman who bore him? The son's work is the mother's primarily and, therefore, the recognition of the dignity and tender sacredness of motherhood should no longer be delayed. It is high time that this country's greatest treasures—THE WOMEN WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO MAKE IT WHAT IT IS—should be recognized.

Why should not these good mothers be given the right to vote and have a voice in our government—a right that is accorded to some of the most ignorant, most insignificant and vilest of men?

It has been well said that "for every monument to a great man there should be a monument to his mother and the mother's monument should be built first."

But it is not so much the purpose of this brief article to advocate the just rights and privileges due to the women of this country, although it has afforded the writer great pleasure to pen the foregoing brief tribute to their worth and just deserts, as it is to call attention to the fact that when broken down in health and strength by over-work, the too frequent bearing of children, the never ending toil, worry and care of the household, or by whatever may overtax the strength and delicacy of her sensitive system, there is one, tried and proven, safe remedy upon which she may rely to regain health, strength and the power to fully enjoy life.

That remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy made wholly from the roots of native forest plants which have been proven to be most efficacious, reliable and safe in the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, periodical pains, irregularities, wasting and weakening catarrhal, pelvic drains and kindred ailments. It is a remedy, the makers of which print its formula on every bottle-wrapper and attest its completeness and correctness under oath, a remedy devised and adapted to woman's delicate constitution by an educated physician—an experienced specialist in woman's diseases; a remedy, every ingredient of which has received the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar diseases; a remedy which has more bona fide cures to its credit than any other sold by druggists and which contains no alcohol in it.

Delicate, weak, nervous women should especially shun the use of alcoholic medicines which, from their stimulating and exhilarating effects may seem, for a time, to do good, but which, from the inevitable effects of the alcohol in shrinking up the red corpuscles of the woman's blood, are sure to do great and lasting harm in the long run. Besides they beget a craving for stimulants which is most deplorable. "Favorite Prescription" is the one remedy for woman's ills which contains no alcohol.

Only invigorating and nerve strengthening effects can follow the use of this famous medicine for women. It can not possibly do harm in any state or condition of the system.

If a woman has bearing down, or dragging pains, low down in the abdomen, or pelvis, backache, frequent

No woman suffering from any of the above symptoms can afford to accept any secret nostrum or medicine of unknown composition, as a substitute for a medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is of known composition and has a record of over forty years of cures and sells more largely today than ever before. Its makers withhold no secrets from their patients, believing open publicity to be the very best guaranty of merit.

Dr. Pierce invites all suffering women to consult him by letter free of charge. All letters of consultation are held strictly private and sacredly confidential and all answers are returned in plain, sealed envelopes. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Extra Good Clothes for Boys.



It's well to stop occasionally and consider just what ordinary boys' clothing, as contrasted with EXTRA GOOD, represents and is.

From beginning to end extra good clothes are made to give the utmost wear and satisfaction.

Elderheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago, are makers of extra good. We are selling agents.

Full Line of Spring Hats Ready for Inspection.

Keith's Konqueror Shoe, one of the Leaders, of which we are Sole Agents, can be seen in our stock.

Also Herrick's New Shoe for Women.

N.H. Beane & Co.

No. 3 Congress St.

FORMERLY PAY STORE.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

THROW OUT THE LINE

Give Them Help and Many Port-mouth People Will Be Happier

"Throw Out the Line" — The kidneys need help. They're overworked—can't get the poison filtered out of the blood. They're getting worse every minute.

Will you help them? Doan's Kidney Pills have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back from the verge of despair.

Will cure any form of kidney trouble. George W. Griffith, of 4 State street, Portsmouth, N. H., says: "I value Doan's Kidney Pills very highly for they cured me of a severe attack of kidney trouble. This was first noticed last fall after I recovered from a severe cold. My back was lame clear to my shoulders and across my loins and around the kidneys there was a continual pain. I was in a bad condition when I went to Philbrick's Pharmacy for Doan's Kidney Pills. A few doses of them helped and a continuation of them used soon cured me. I have told many people what this medicine did for me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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THE PRIMA DONNA'S RETURN

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

In her deck-chair, the last day of the voyage, Madame felt that Clothilde watched her more intently than ever.

Clothilde had been responsible for her hair and her gowns for ten years. It amused Madame—Clothilde's voraciousness concerning the acceptance or non-acceptance of Croesus.

For Madame had been offered an honored position as a wife, and a home was hers for the accepting. Home! Had she ever had a home? She smiled. Her first home had been in the States, some paltry rooms with a visionary mother and an idle father.

She saw herself as she had been then, a lean girl with hungry eyes and a determination to conquer. What she was now, the world knew—Italy with its exuberance; England with its polite appreciation; Germany with its nod for the correct interpreter of its tone-kids. And now she was going back to the beginning, to America, where there was none to welcome her—she was going to the home of strangers, the land of her birth.

She opened the book on her lap. It was the score of "Tristan and Isolde."

There were slips of paper marking the different parts of the score. She took out one of these papers; it was her answer to Croesus, telling him that all should be as he wished. It had been written before she left London, so why had it not been mailed at the time? Even when he came to see her on board, and filled her state-room with flowers, she had said nothing about that unmailed letter, had given him no answer. She was wearing it, of itself, and it had seemed better to mail her answer to him when they were 3,000 miles apart, have him run over to America, and take everything as a matter of course, and she should go into the new life without the indignity of excitement.

And this scrap of newspaper beside the letter? She had torn it from a London daily; it told of the destruction of the New York theater where she had first sung.

The organist saved the lives of a score of men, women and children in the fiery holocaust. When all the audience were safe, he plunged once more into the burning shell in order

to rescue a portrait that hung on the wall, the portrait of Madame Cornelli, who as Miss Suzanne Cornelli opened the theater several years ago in a concert—

Why had she saved this scrap of paper? She crumpled it in her hand, and filled it toward the ship-rail.

The first night in her native city had vouchsafed to it little of that refreshing slumber which had characterized Madame's rest on the vessel.

"Clothilde," she said, "I must dispel a sensation that seized me when I read something in a paper a week before we left London. This is New York, the city where I was born; I will go see the places that were once well known to me when I was a poor struggling girl. That will cure me. And I shall go alone. Not a word, please."

She caught up her letter to Croesus that she might post it as she went along. She would cure herself of any hesitation regarding the posting of that letter.

Then she went out in the glittering, busy street. Why, it was the very street in which was the theater where she had sung in public for the first time years ago. She recollected the difficulty there had been for her to get permission to sing at the concert. He had managed it, though—David Warrick had obtained the permission for her to sing. He had been organist at Saint Gudolph's. His room was next the room of her father in the old house; he had coached her in the singing, and took her into his choir.

Three months later her father's brother, Uncle Dan, lent her the thousand dollars she wanted, and she went abroad—at David Warrick's suggestion.

How it all came back to her—all the little incidents of that past time, the time of her girlhood—as she went along the street.

And there! That fenced-in pile had been the theater, burned three months ago. She stood and looked at it. She thought of the night when she sang

there. What a difficulty there had arisen as to her getting a befitting costume in which to appear, and then the fear that no flowers would come over the footlights for her. But David Warrick knew a lady who would lend her a gown, and David Warrick had seen to it that a great bunch of roses was handed from the orchestra to her, which flowers must have cost him more than he could afford. Also, in the beginning, letters from home told her of many kindnesses—how he had nursed her father in his last sickness; how he had comforted her mother, whose daughter was far away winning a name.

She went rapidly along the street. There it was, a shop in the lower story of the building, as of old. It had been a stationer's shop then; now it was a cheap millinery.

She reached for the waving plume on her hat, and tore it off. This in her hand, she opened the door of the millinery shop. A thin, pale woman was behind the counter.

"Ah," said the woman, "the wind has loosened your feather. Let me have the hat; I will rearrange it in the next room. Be seated."

But the customer continued to stand opposite a picture that hung on the wall-back of the counter. All the present fell away from her—she was face to face with herself as she had been. What did it mean? What did it mean?

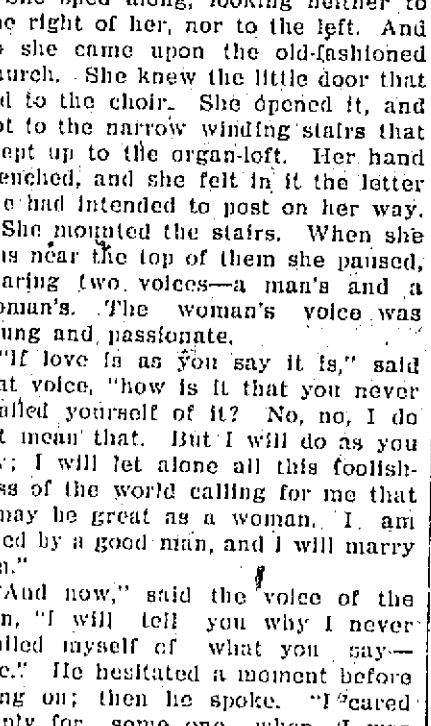
"I have sewn it strongly!" It was the woman of the shop speaking; she held out the hat with the plume waving in it.

"Ah," she said, "you are admiring that picture? It is the portrait from the theater fire. It is Miss Cornelli, now the celebrated prima donna. That is how the gentleman here was infatuated. He saved the picture, but his eyes were terribly hurt. The doctor now hopes that he will see again. He lived in this house when Miss Cornelli was his fellow-lodger. He lives here still—he has the room they say was Miss Cornelli's. Oh, you have dropped your hat. I will pin it on for you; it is so difficult to put on a hat when you have on a tight dress. Yes," the woman was going on, "he lives here still—he has been organist at Saint Gudolph's for years. He is there now for the first time since his accident. My niece took him; he has to be led. I beg your pardon," for her customer had started for the door, "but I shall have to charge you a trifle for sewing in the feather."

The customer may have placed some money on the counter, but she was not sure. She gained the street, and hurried on.

She sped along, looking neither to the right of her, nor to the left. And so she came upon the old-fashioned church. She knew the little door that led to the choir. She opened it, and got to the narrow winding stairs that crept up to the organ-loft. Her hand clenched, and she felt in it the letter she had intended to post on her way. She mounted the stairs. When she was near the top of them she paused, hearing two voices—a man's and a woman's. The woman's voice was young and passionate.

"If love is as you say it is," said that voice, "how is it that you never availed yourself of it? No, no, I do not mean that. But I will do as you say; I will let alone all this foolishness of the world calling for me that I may be great as a woman. I am loved by a good man, and I will marry him."



"David!"

LADY ISABEL'S CHARITY

By MRS. NEISH

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"But, my dear Marjorie, you simply must come," said Lady Isabel, "I must really insist—in fact, I shall be quite disagreeable if you don't."

"All right," I laughed, "but tell me who are to be your guests?"

She pointed. "Rude girl! Anyone would think you were royalty, wanting a list of my guests."

"Well, you see, I may be a little out of place," I said diffidently. "Nonsense. I am having all sorts of people—now, please, dearest, don't raise your eyebrows, and make me feel as though I were at school again. I only mean I am having all sorts of nice people—smart—and pretty—and brainy—and—and every kind."

"I see, a sort of menagerie; and where is it to be?"

"At the Savoy, of course," she answered, "but I'll tell you exactly what it's for. It's to be the very, very latest thing in dinners."

"I think you said it was for a charity, Isabel; do tell me how even you can benefit a charity by giving an expensive dinner at the Savoy."

"Well," replied Lady Isabel, "you see, it's this way, Marjorie. I give the dinner to—we will say—ten people, because ten is such a nice number for enabling one to put the woman one hates most quite a long way off, and so I think I shall make it ten."

"I see—and the charity; what is it in aid of?"

"I haven't really quite decided what it is to be for yet," she said, "but I expect I shall choose something for children, because you know how I simply adore children; and then, darling, Babs can give a tenny weeny little party too—for the same charity on the same day."

"Won't it be rather late for her to dine?"

"Don't be silly; I mean a tea party at home—you don't suppose—very reproachfully—I should keep my precious, darling girls up so late."

"No," I said, "I am sure you wouldn't. And I gave a retrospective sigh at the thought of when I had last seen Babs, only a night or two ago, sitting up in bed and surreptitiously

eating a strawberry ice at 11 o'clock, which the under-housemaid had smuggled up to quiet her, as both nurses were out and she was crying at being left alone."

"Where does the charity part come in?" I said, carefully avoiding allusions.

"It's like this," she replied. "On every guest's card—it will, of course, be on yours, too, dear—I write 'in aid of the'—she paused.

"Home of Recreation for Overworked Chaffeurs!" I suggested.

Lady Isabel laughed. "Yes—or whatever it happens to be—and then each guest will bring a check for the charity, and hand it over to me at the end."

"You ought to be quite rich by the end of dinner," I said, cheerfully.

She stared at me. "I? Rich? My dear girl, I lose fearfully over it; you see, I have to give the party, and then send all the checks on to the charity—in fact, I shall, of course, give something myself," she added, with an air of the greatest self-denial.

"I meant you would be rich for the charity," I explained.

"Oh, I see, yes—well, it depends a good deal on how much they give. You needn't give more than two guineas, dear," she added, after I had promised to come to the party.

"No, I won't," I replied gratefully, as I rose to leave the room.

I was unable, after all, to go to Lady Isabel's charity dinner. She was very anxious to have certain people there, and she altered the date so often that, when she finally sent me her fifth date, I unfortunately was unable to go, on account of an engagement with an aunt that I could not avoid. However, I sent my "small contribution," and received such a graceful little note of thanks that I almost felt I was helping to pay for the party.

She came in to see me the following day.

"My dear, it was a brilliant success," she said, radiantly, "the dinner was perfect, and my dress was an absolute dream; Felice had really sur-

passed herself, Lady Massingham was in her most disagreeable mood, which showed me how beautifully everything was going off."

"And the money?"

"Well, that was a little disappointing," she admitted. "Let me see, there was your two guineas, and I gave three—at least, I got three from Vernon—and Bob gave a fiver, and Lady Massingham two pounds for herself and one for her daughter; and Lady Ellison two pounds fifteen—I wish she had made it three pounds," added Isabel plaintively, "but I suppose she kept the five shillings for the cab there and back, as she has had no carriage since Sir Henry died. I forget exactly what the others gave, but not very much, because it only came to twenty-three pounds seven-teen altogether, including mine. It was really much less than the bill; but it was a lovely dinner, and Bob, who ought to be a good judge by the amount he drinks, said the champagne was really 'fipping.'"

"I suppose you put the checks all together and sent them to the charity?"

She nodded. "Yes, and then I sent some little notes to the paper describing the dinner, and my frock and some of the others, leaving out Lady Massingham, of course."

"It seems a lot of trouble if you received so little money," I said. "It would have been cheaper to send the amount direct from yourself, especially as it did not even pay the dinner."

"Oh, I couldn't afford to do that," she answered decidedly, and, indeed, with so much decision that she rather set me wondering.

I met Lady Isabel the following Saturday at Ranelagh.

"I saw the account of your party in the paper," I said.

"Yes; wasn't it nicely put?"

"Very," I said drily, "especially for an amateur."

"Yes, I thought it was thoroughly well done," she said; "and knowing what a cat Lady Massingham is, I emphasized the fact that the checks had been made out direct to the charity. People are so fearfully suspicious," she added, with a sigh, "I was even afraid they might think that I—"

"You never told me Mrs. Barrington-Brown and Mr. Fakenstein were to be there," I interrupted.

"Didn't I?" she said in astonishment, "how very stupid of me; but then, they aren't people one would remember if one could help it—are they?"

"Why did you ask them? I shouldn't have thought they would mix very well."

"Well, you see, they wanted so dreadfully to be there," she said, half-apologetically, "and Mr. Fakenstein was especially keen, and gave such a lot of hints when I told him about it, and said that he was so exceedingly interested in anything that I was going to help that I was really obliged to invite him, and it was just the same with Mrs. Brown."

"And how much did they contribute to the charity?" I asked, remembering with some astonishment the small amount she told me she had received.

Lady Isabel smiled. "These sort of people don't really care what they pay when they want to go to anything," she answered enigmatically.

"And, you see, my dear Marjorie, they did not give their money quite in the same way as the others did," she went on, as she slowly opened her parasol; "you see, they really got me to invite them entirely out of good nature, and so it was almost a matter of—"

"Business," I suggested gently.

"Exactly," she replied. "How delightfully you always put things, dearest. You see, it was such an awful bore having them there that I told them they could—"

"Yes," I paused inquiringly.

"I told them to make the checks both out to me."

Plenty of Nitrogen Left. It has been estimated that in France alone the amount of nitrogen yearly taken from the soil is 600,000 tons and not much more than one-half of this is returned to the soil in stable manure. Let it be assumed, for the purpose of argument, that those countries employing nitrogenous fertilizers use during each year 5,000,000 tons of nitrogen.

This seems to be a fairly liberal estimate judging from the above figure regarding France and the fact that during 1905 1,500,000 tons of nitrate of soda were employed throughout the world. On this basis it is easily seen that there is no danger of impoverishing the atmosphere, for the atmospheric pressure at sea level corresponds to about 11 pounds of nitrogen a square inch, or say 1,500 pounds a square foot, or 20,000,000 tons a square mile.

Each square mile of the earth's surface has above it enough nitrogen to supply the entire world for five years on the basis assumed above and since the entire surface of the earth is not much short of 200,000,000 square miles the world can go on abstracting nitrogen at this rate for about 1,000,000 years before reducing the quantity in the atmosphere one-tenth per cent.

Done by a Deer. In Arkansas last fall the children of a country school held a picnic. While a dozen boys and girls were in a grove a deer, chased by hounds, came running among them and began stamping and howling.

Before he could be driven away he had injured five of the scholars. It is thought that he was mad with fright, in thinking one of the boys the deer carried him away on its horns and was found wearing it two weeks later, when killed.

LOVE'S MILITARY.

"Have you heard that pretty and simple composition on love's military rules?" asked an author of another the other day. "You haven't? Well, here it is: Pages (sweet) 16 to 40 (perhaps) of Life's Book. Capt. Cupid, commanding man, private, and woman, daughter of the regiment."

"Attention! pay to her, assiduously and respectfully."

"Right face! popping the question like a man, and she will accept you."

"Quick march! to the parents and ask their consent."

"Right turn! with her to church, and go through the service of holy matrimony."

"Halt! and reflect seriously for a few months which you must devote to your wife."

"Right about face! from the haunts you frequented when single, and prefer your own home."

"Fall in! love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have."

"Break off! billiard playing, betting and staying out late at night if you wish to have a happy home."

"Advance arms! to your wife when together, and don't let her walk three steps ahead of you or behind you."

SIGNS OF DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER.

When commonness doesn't trouble you.

When you begin to think your father is an old fogey.

When you can listen without a protest to indecent stories.

When you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later.

When you do not make a confidant of your mother, as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slight job does not haunt you as it once did.

When you can work untroubled in the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.

When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once did.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and whom you would not want the members of your family to know that you know.—O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine.

TO CLEAN A BRUSH.

Use tepid water.

Put it in a washbowl.

But do not have enough to flow over the back.

Have enough to reach the back of the brush.

Then scrub them up and down till they look clean.

Add a tablespoonful of borax to each quart of water.

Let the brushes soak, bristles down, for ten minutes.

It is almost necessary to dry them in a current of air.

Rinse them in plenty of clean cold water; many use the running water.

Never dry them in great heat, as it is likely to dissolve the glue used in their manufacture.

Ammonia may be substituted for borax, but it may spoil the finish on the back of a wood brush.

COLOSSAL UNDERTAKING.

Nero was about to order the construction of a vast amphitheater. "What's the trouble?" asked the old Roman senator. "Isn't the present one large enough?"

"No," replied the emperor; "you see, I want one large enough to hold all the girls who claim to have danced in the original Floradora sextet."

And when the plans were drawn Nero discovered that the building of the pyramids was mild in comparison. —Chicago Daily News.

History Revised.

De Soto was observed to be running through the Florida wilderness, barefooted and penniless.

"Great Half-Moon," exclaimed a friendly Indian, "where is all your gold?"

"Don't ask me," gasped De Soto. "I stopped at one of those Palm Beach hotels for a few days, and when they presented their bill I was cleaner than a sea turtle."

And De Soto rued the day he had not put up at a wigwam.—Chicago Daily News.

For Art's Sake.

Friend—What? You're going back to the stage this season?

Great Artist—No. I have so many cash orders ahead for testimonials for piano players, hair tonics, bath soaps, massage creams, hair bleach, headache dope, champagne, safety razors, cigarettes, life insurance and chewing gum that I can't find time for less important things.—Puck.

TERRIE LAPSE OF MEMORY.

"Good heavens! I've come without a hairbrush!"—Topeka Journal.

The After-Dinner Speaker.

I listen. What he has to say is a sense of sadness brings. He never has a funny way of saying funny things.—Puck.

In Doubt.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

MARCH 9

SUN RISES.....6:06 MOON RISES, 10:33 A. M.
SUN SETS.....5:43 MOON SETS, 10:45 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 11:35 FULL MOON, 17:15 P. M.

New Moon, March 14th, 10.46, morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 10.46, evening, W.
Full Moon, March 29th, 10.46, evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10.46, morning, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered thirty-two degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Good shows at Music Hall next week.

March has given us some zero weather.

The hypnotic craze is still on in this city.

There will be a new moon on March 14.

Local interest in bowling seems to hold up well.

Have you ordered your Spring suit of your tailor?

Easter Sunday comes three weeks from tomorrow.

We've had an unusual amount of sunshine lately.

Wait till the brown-tail moths get after us later on.

The fire alarm has not been very busy this winter.

Will the shamrock be worn on March 16 this year?

Many Spring goods are being shown at local stores.

The snow still remaining has almost the solidity of ice.

Will Spring flurries be worn on Easter Sunday this year?

Will the Legislature complete its work in two more weeks?

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Will New Castle get any more soldiers the coming summer?

Spring will hardly arrive very much ahead of schedule time.

Sheriff George O. Athorne of Elliot has been in Biddeford this week.

Concord reports that the sleighing on its main streets has been ruined.

Srinach and lettuce about exhaust the housewife's choice in "green stuff."

York reports that claims are rather more plentiful in the flats of that town.

The end of the Maine and New Hampshire legislative sessions is in sight.

The April magazine has brought Spring to its readers weeks in advance.

Concord will be the whole thing in New Hampshire only a short time longer.

Fitchburg, Mass., would like a New Hampshire baseball league franchise.

Keeping the gutters free from ice is a good job for the street department men.

It looks very much as if the sleighing would easily last the almanac winter out.

Peary would no doubt like to have stopped in Portsmouth a while longer for old times' sake.

The city council of 1907 has transacted about all the important business it will have to do.

Only one more scheduled session of probate court this month, at Exeter on the twenty-sixth.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, teetle, itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Baseball fans are wondering whether Portsmouth will be represented on the diamond this year.

Some people are of the opinion that there are too many cats as well as too many dogs in the city.

When the vernal breezes begin to blow we may expect to enjoy the attention of our friends, the zepes and brown-tail moths.

An income for the family. Dividends that will please you. Illustrated report with forty photos free. Address, International Lumber, Broomfield, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headache, nervousness, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Blood-purifier makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS

Planned for Vaughan Street and Maplewood Avenue

A much needed improvement is to be carried out by the street department and the Boston and Maine railroad on Vaughan street.

The street department is to pave the street from the corner of Deer street and also a portion of Maplewood avenue, leading to the railroad crossing. The railroad, it is said, will furnish the paving for most of the work and will pave the crossing and keep it in good repair.

This proposition was submitted to the city, so it is said, during the term of Commissioner Scruton and although it looked as if the work would be done at one time the plan finally fell through and the railroad people dropped the matter.

Commissioner Ridge, however, wants something done on this street and crossing and says that the work will be done during the coming summer.

BEATEN AGAIN

Portsmouth Basketball Team Loses at St. Johnsbury

The Portsmouth basketball team lost another game on Friday evening at St. Johnsbury, Vt., being beaten by the Company D team of that city, forty-three to twenty-four. The summary:

St. Johnsbury (43) (24) Portsmouth
Beck, H. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Ellis, H. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Church, C. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Bothwell, J. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Lew, R. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Score—St. Johnsbury, 43, Portsmouth 24. Goals from floor—Bothwell 7, Beck 6, Church 6, Ellis 4, Ellis 3, Lew 3, Church 2, Sheridan, Mathieu. Goal from foul—St. Johnsbury. Referee—Gunn. Scorer—Wright. Timekeeper—Sidway.

Time—Three fifteen minute periods.

Dartmouth was again beaten on Friday evening, this time by Williams, ten to six. This game will give Williams the championship if the team defeats Wesleyan tonight, as it undoubtedly will.

NEVER MORE ACTIVE

Mr. Chandler as Alert as at Any Time in His Life

A representative of The Herald met former Senator William B. Chandler at the Parker House, Boston, on Friday and enjoyed a chat with him. Mr. Chandler was never more active and is in better health than at any time in several years.

There were from fifteen to twenty-five people constantly waiting to see him, among the prominent New Hampshire men who called upon him on Friday being former Governor Nahum J. Batchelder, Hon. T. Nelson Hastings and Comdr. William W. Winder, U. S. N.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Susan Wentworth Loughton

Mrs. Susan Wentworth Loughton, widow of Benjamin D. Loughton, died this (Saturday) morning at her home on Court street, aged eighty-seven years. She is survived by two sons, G. Ralph Loughton, president of the Portsmouth Savings bank, and John Loughton of this city, by two daughters, Miss Lavina Loughton and Mrs. Porter of Washington and by two half-sisters, Misses Hattie and Georgia Reimick.

Mrs. Loughton was born in this city and lived here most of her life, although her early married life was passed in Stratham. She was an estimable and much loved lady and her death has caused the greatest grief.

POLICE COURT

John J. Coffey was before Judge

Slimes this (Saturday) forenoon in police court, charged with being drunk at his home. He said he was guilty, but wanted a chance to quit his residence here and go away, far, far away, from Portsmouth. The court found that he had a suspended sentence and would listen to no more pleading, sending him up for the Spring plowing at the farm, with a sentence of six months and costs of \$6.13.

A crowd of Polanders at the North End had a raffle for a watch on Friday and the threepence man trouble. It appears that somebody who did not get the watch started a rough horse by breaking down a door and there was a clatter. The police hurried up some of the guests, but after getting ready for court they got together, called it off and annulled the warrants in the case.

PIANO TUNING

That is right,

.... AT

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

AS A HERALD MAN SEES IT

He Won His Bet

A well known resident of Clinton street fooled his friends a short time ago and did a trick that sent cold shivers down the backs of everybody who heard the story. A man living on State street is the owner of a large dog which is certainly no favorite of people in general. Nobody but his owner has been able to approach him and it was all one's life was worth to come within his reach at night. The Clinton street man made a bet that he could enter the yard where the big beast was kept at night and come out without a scratch. The bet was accepted and it was up to the daring man from the West End to make good or lose his change. He won. Not only did he get into the yard, but took the dog home with him and kept him on exhibition for three days. How he accomplished this stunt is something that would keep a clairvoyant working overtime and it is said that "Jack" must have handed his hypnotic influence to Carlo.

Respectfully Referred to the Frank Jones Fire Brigade

Chief Engineer Paul of the Elliot fire department wants it distinctly understood that the crack fire brigades of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, the Portsmouth Brewing Company and the Publishers' Paper Company have nothing on his heroic bunch of fire fighters in the town across the river. The record of getting a stream on in one and a quarter minutes after an alarm was sounded is good work for Portsmouth, but it won't do for Elliot, where Chief Paul has ordered no alarm ring in until five minutes after his firemen have a stream on the blaze. It's up to the chief's friends at the navy yard to hand him a new fire cap and a gold badge.

Going to Fix up the Streets

I met one of the city officials a few days ago and in speaking of the street department he informed me that there would be something doing in that department this year. He said that many improvements are planned to be started just as soon as possible. These improvements will include repairs by the district surveyors under the street commissioner on Sagamore avenue from the South cemetery to the Rye line, with new planking and other work on Sagamore bridge. Lafayette road will be touched up a little and work will be done on Greenland road. The best job will be the work to be done at Spring Hill or on Bow street, leading to the ferry landing. This is certainly needed, for that locality, both in winter and summer, is in bad shape. In summer, we are bothered by dust, rocks and water, in the winter by snow and ice. Such conditions as have prevailed there since the ferry line was established have been no credit to the city any way you care to look at it. One more improvement will be extensive repairs on Islington street. Let the good work go on.

Will They Ever Come Back?

What has become of our famous hand-picked crew of the True W. Priest? Their quarters in the rear of City Hall have had the appearance of a haunted house of late. Not even Mike Lynch has showed up to dust off the card tables and oil up the hoc reel. This is not as it should be. Will somebody please hunt up the key and call back the crew, that ought soon to commence to get a train for the enemy over in the Maplewood Avenue building?

Right There With the Tin Can, Bag and Bucket

This is the time of year when the local railroad officials have their troubles, not only with that famous tribe known as "scuffers," but with coal thieves, who become desperate as soon as they get their eyes on a

car of nice coal standing on a side track. They have been digging into the cars pretty heavily of late, so it is said, and the company has to make good for no small amount of shortage in the shipments from this city.

Looks Like Old Times

It looks like old times to pass the old machine shop on Hanover street at night, where the busy hum of machinery can be heard. The building brightly lighted with electric lights recalls the good old days of the Portsmouth Machine Company, when that firm worked nights to fill its orders and gave much work and good pay to a large force of mechanics. However, the city has a good thing in the forge company and its coming from Nashua to Portsmouth was no mistake on the part of those who worked so hard to land the company. It looks as if this industry is the best thing that has come our way in years.

Give This Man the Medal

Have you heard new and then about the man who saw the first robin? For a short time, this robin story was responsible for the end of fun and the man on the electric road who gave notice to his fellow workmen that he had discovered the first bird of that kind this season has often wished that he never thought he saw this robin or if he really did see it, that he had kept it to himself. But the robin man is now passe and one of his brother conductors has him beaten a mile. What do you think he saw? He insists that he saw frogs a month ago. This brings it up to the limit. The tallest animal that lives either on land or in the water he says was jumping across the tracks on the Rye line one night as the snow plow came along near the Sagamore. Now everybody knows that the electric car men are sober and their intellectuality has never been questioned, but you cannot make some people think that the best place for these frog and robin men is not on the forward seat of a water wagon, there to remain for life.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The newly appointed foreman laborer, James F. McWilliams, is expected to begin his duties on Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

An examination for apprentice outside shipfitter in the construction and repair department will be held on Monday.

The collier Leonidas has sailed from Guantanamo for this yard, where she will be fitted with steel masts.

The mechanics and laborers were paid today.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry, who returned this week from a tour of inspection of all the navy stations of the country, including Guantanamo, passed a large part of Washington's birthday on the battleships Ohio and Kearsarge. On each he was entertained by a minstrel show given in his honor by the bluejackets of these two ships, and among the souvenirs of his trip which he treasures are the programs of these entertainments. He speaks of them in terms of high praise, as he does of the boat races which he witnessed.

The navy department has requested that the foremen of the different departments, who may have in their employ any man who is perfecting any patent, to submit his name and his device to the department at once.

The electric engine formerly in use in the department of equipment has been moved to the central power plant and will be again put to use.

HAS BEEN VERY ILL

But Senator Pinkham is Now On Way To Recovery

Senator Ezra Oscar Pinkham of Dover Point has been very ill for several weeks, and has been unable to attend to his legislative duties. He is now, fortunately, on the way to recovery.

At first Mr. Pinkham was threatened with pneumonia, but he escaped this danger and expected to resume his place in the Senate this week. There was, however, a sudden change for the worse and Mr. Pinkham has since been fighting a slow fever. His progress is now apparently checked.

His brother senators on Thursday sent to Mr. Pinkham a box of handsome flowers.

PERSONALS

Judge Calvin Page is now at Grand Canon, Ariz.

Miss Helene Bragdon of York Harbor is visiting in New York.

Attorney Charles F. True of Portland passed Friday in this city.

Police Officer J. Frank Shannon, who has been ill, is slowly convalescing.

Attorney John W. Kelley will tonight return from Boston, where he has been all the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Luce will very soon leave this city for a European tour of several months.

Theodore G. Perkins is confined to his home on Vaughan street, suffering from injuries due to a fall while walking on Highland street.

Mrs. John Brooks of North Conway, formerly of this city, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Emery, at York Beach.

Senator Henry E. Burnham has returned from Washington and was seen in Manchester on Friday by a representative of The Herald. He was the picture of health.

HORSE TACK FRIGHT

The horse attached to the delivery wagon of H. H. Dutton, took fright early this (Saturday) morning and darted down Market street at a rapid pace. He went as far as Noble's Island and was stopped by somebody after passing over the bridge. How he escaped a mixup on Market street is a wonder, but he made the run without receiving a scratch.

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WATCH THIS SPACE FOR A CARPET SALE NEXT WEEK.

OLIVER W. HAM,

Complete House Furnisher.